TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

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Around Town.

The annual meeting of the Jarvis street Baptist church was held last week and one of the items of their expenditure should attract the attention of this entire city. It was the sum of eleven hundred and seventeen dollars they paid as taxes on the church building and property and the land on which it stands. This like the rest of the clerical preserves is nontaxable, but the Baptist body believe in the separation of church and state and that every man, company, corporation, sect, should pay taxes and not inflict upon the general community the burden of carrying these institutions. Those who believe in them should pay for them. I like to see a denomination self-respecting and able to hold up its end; I like to see a denomination that professes to adhere to a principle, adhering to it. Of course eleven hundred and seventeen dollars is a large gift for one church to give the city of Toronto. This is accentuated by the fact that the members of that church after adding their individual tax bills together find that they pay as their share of the exemption on all the untaxable property in Toronto, excepting the property belonging to the city, over twenty-five hundred dollars, consequently they are not only paying the eleven hundred and seventeen dollars into the city treasury, but they are paying over twenty-five hundred dollars as individuals to cover the two mill rate which is made necessary by exemptions otherwise than those on civic property. The eleven hundred and seventeen dollars is calculated on the basis of what they would have to pay if every institution, religious or otherwise, which is now exempt, were forced to bear their proper share of the civic burden. A most remarkable freak of the Court of Revision was shown with regard to this same church. The trustees proved conclusively that the cost of the land and the church was a certain amount, yet the Court of Revision gruffly insisted on them paying taxes upon ten thousand dollars more if they paid taxes at all. Think of this! Here is one church in the entire city that offers to pay its taxes and the immaculate Court of Revision insists on making their assessment ten thousand dollars more than their church and property cost. This is certainly a nice encouragement to live up to principle in the city of Toronto. I am in search of a grievance and consequently became a subscriber to the tax fund. I think every citizen ought to subscribe to it.

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Having at small cost obtained a personal share in this grievance, I have reckoned up my tax account and find that if exemptions were abolished my annual taxes would be a hundred dollars less than they are, even after contributing to the tax account of the Jarvis street Baptist church. Now that hundred dollars is an involuntary subscription extorted from me towards the maintenance of institutions in the control of which I have no voice, no vote, no influence. Most of them are churches which I do not attend. Now why should I have to pay this amount? I have made an effort to get to the bottom of this whole trouble and to get figures on it, and now that I have learned just exactly how much I am a loser by tax exemptions I feel that my trifling subscription to the Jarvis street church has been well earned, inasmuch as it is apparent that I could afford it and a hundred dollars more if this system of tax exemptions were abolished. The logical result of all this is apparent: The church that now pays its taxes—and by the way Christ paid his taxes and announced as his belief that religionists should pay unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—simply makes a gift of the amount to the city. Other churches hanging back and taking advantage of the exemption law, partake in the advantages of this improper provision and share money that the Jarvis street Baptist church donates to the city. They should be ashamed of themselves. If one church can pay its taxes all of them can and there should be no compulsion upon you or upon me to involuntarily subscribe any amount for the maintenance of churches and institutions in which we have no interest, in the continuance of whose doctrinal differences we are not concerned, in the work and management of which we have no part, and while the churches all do great good by their work they should not forget that every man and church has a duty to perform and this is best done by free agents and voluntary subscriptions.

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I believe in the abolition of exemptions, and I am glad that one church in this town has had self-respect enough to denounce the pernicious system now in force and to make a present to the city of so large an amount as eleven hundred and seventeen dollars to prove its abhorrence of the system. While the Jarvis street church has no debt, and may be a wealthy organization, no Baptist church in this city can afford to refuse its adherence to this principle, for it is a principle that is distinctly enunciated in Baptist doctrine. Nor can the Methodists refuse to give their adherence to this principle, for it is a Methodist doctrine. And how can Presbyterians preach the separation of church and state while accepting involuntary donations from a tax-payer? The Anglican church has separated itself from involuntary support and should be glad to assert this principle. The Roman Catholic church cannot and does not hope to be state-supported in a Protestant city and province. Then why does it not turn in its adherence to this principle? And to return the individual tax-payer, the Jew, the man who does not go to church at all! Have we, as believers in the Christian church, a right to force these people to support it?

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I am not trying to prove my orthodoxy or the orthodoxy of the Baptist church, or the truth of their doctrines, nor do I necessarily assume that infant baptism and all the things that they object to are incorrect, but it does stand self-evident that an adherent of that church who pays his taxes personally and who pays his share of the church's taxes and is thereafter forced to pay his share of other churches' taxes to bear the burden caused by tax exemptions other than those concerning city property, is being tyrannically used and is being robbed just as forcibly and inexcusably as the man who has money taken from his pocket by a highwayman. Are the city churches prepared to undertake the responsibility of profiting by this robbery? Are they willing to lessen their burdens by a few dollars in order to assess the Jew, the atheist, the theist, the Unitarian, the sceptic, the agnostic? No man holds these views without feeling convinced that they are correct; no man is heterodox for revenue's sake, for he is unpopular and very often persecuted. For my own part I am a believer in God and the Trinity, and the future life, and those things which are supposed to constitute orthodoxy, yet I have no right by provincial or municipal action to compel those who disbelieve in these things to maintain churches in which they are taught. The churches of Toronto that accept the gift of the eleven hundred and seventeen dollars from the Jarvis street Baptist church ought, I say again, to be ashamed of themselves. Some of them are believers in equal rights. The Rev. Principal Caven was the father and misleader of that cause; his church profits by tax exemptions; he and his church should refuse to continue to do so. The Methodist brethren who are so strong in their support of temperance and prohibition and those things which do not displace a dollar from their bank account, should be stirred to proper action when they see a church presenting so large an amount to the municipal treasury for principle's sake. There is no church in the city that should not be ashamed: there is no citizen of this great center who should not be ashamed unless he is doing his best to change this improper system. Now is the time, when church meetings are being held, that honest men should stand up and declare themselves in favor of paying an honest tax. Tax exemption is a question that has not been made enough of. The correction of this evil should be a part of the civic policy. A political party should fight for it; every honest man should condemn the levying of a dishonest and tyrannous tax.

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The bi-chloride of gold scheme for curing the whisky and tobacco habit, said to have been so successful in the United States, is about to be introduced into Canada and an institution established over here or at Grimsby. We, here in Toronto, have just come out of a little partizan "spree" which we call a political campaign, and sitting down with the weariness and headache which come as a reaction after this, as after every other indulgence in intemperance, it is worth while discussing whether the good or pleasure we get out of it is worth the years we turn off our life in such turmoils. If we started in to do a good thing an effort to accomplish it would be worth while. As it is, there seems to be no more noble motive than to give the emoluments and honor, if there be any, to a personal friend. Political conventions are called, apparently to award the nomination as a part of the patronage of a party. As long as we adhere to this view of selecting representatives low methods will be employed and anyone who has a reputation to lose can hardly afford to enter any such competition.

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In the rough and tumble of trying to "get there," in the speech-makings, in everything that has to do with the election or rejection of a candidate it is presumed that whoever is in the field is hungry and thirsty after office, willing to sacrifice any and every principle. This has been held as a political doctrine for so long that it is generally accepted and any man who is not after the indemnity and the alleged honor is putting himself in a position where he will be wounded, if not destroyed, by the elements which appear to be able to decide all these matters. After we have insisted for a few years that every man is a trickster who is willing to accept the nomination, we shall have established the fact that no one but a trickster will permit his name to be mentioned in such a connection. For this reason I suggest that a bi-chloride of gold cure be established, so that anyone who is discovered, intoxicated by the idea that he may be of use to his fellow citizens, to his province, to the Dominion, may at once be taken in hand and the virus of dirty politics injected into him immediately.

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There was a time when it was esteemed an honor to be chosen as a candidate; now it marks a man as having been an astute wire-puller or the champion of sectarianism of some sort. It is possible to outlive the contamination of such a general prejudice, yet it is a task not easily done. A man must be patient while being rebuked for right-doing, must hear the low jibes of the unclean and the unthoughtful, must be willing to listen to the laughter of those who without thought of the harm they are doing laugh at the jests of contemptible fellows who have cleverness enough to disguise their own perfidy by throwing dirt at better men. Very few who understand the meaning of this sort of thing are willing to engage in a contest that profiteth them not under the best of circumstances, but which must be ruinous to all those who are unwilling to see the bitter fight to a finish and triumph even if the heavens fall. It is all right to say that men who are in politics must suffer these things. Is it right that the citizen should inflict these penalties, or profitable that only those who have nothing to lose can without loss engage in public business?

DON.

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Nearly the whole year round there is maintained in the daily press by anonymous people a discussion as to the proceeds of charitable concerts n Toronto. Every time an entertainment is given in aid of one of the charitable institutions, some nameless friend of the widow and the orphan writes to one of the papers demanding a detailed statement of receipts and expenditures, and either boldly charges or slyly insinuates that the funds have been misappropriated. These endless charges, attacks and insinuations are having the effect of discrediting public entertainments in behalf of worthy institutions that might thereby be greatly benefited. I believe the dramatic performance in aid of the Orphans' Home last week was a failure because of past disputes in the public prints. Some people speak very bitterly of these amateur performances, and say that they are either produced by young people who ache to shine before the footlights and act so poorly that no person will pay to see them, or by more accomplished people who act well but manage somehow to throw off their costumes quickly after the play and get between the box office and the orphanage. In either case, it is charged, nothing goes to charity, and therefore such entertainments should not be endorsed by the institutions concerned nor patronized by the public.

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There are different sides to the question, and I think this about the right time for someone to mention them. There is one kind of a man to be considered, who, when he gives a quarter to any charitable object, expects the first cripple he meets to fall down on his wooden knees and worship him. If the cripple does not do it the man either gets offended and vows never again to give a cent to aid such insolent beggars, or else he concludes that his quarter must have miscarried somehow, and he commences to howl against those who received his money in trust for charity. There is no use reasoning with such a man. Unless a new wing is at once added to the particular institution to which he gave his aid, he will furiously swear that his twenty-five cent piece has been misappropriated. This only slightly caricatures about forty per cent. of our extremely charitable public. And these are they who, in frenzied pursuit of a begrudged quarter, fill the daily papers with their enquiries and demands for bills of particulars.

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Some say that entertainments should not be given, but that everyone should be allowed to give directly what they can to these deserving charities. If successful this would be the ideal arrangement, unless one looks forward to Bellamy's day when there shall be no charity, but all the maimed and ailing shall be the legitimate wards of the state, as much entitled to honorable support as the citizen in sound health is entitled to a chance to earn his own livelihood. But, unfortunately, the plan of leaving everyone unmolested to give what they can to charity has failed to produce a decent fraction of the requisite sum, and despite the fact that the pulpits solicit contributions and collectors go around with subscription lists and lecturers volunteer their talents and take up collections, there is yet a great and growing deficiency in the amounts realized for charitable purposes. Voluntary contributions failed, solicited aid did not suffice, lectures yielded poor returns. Confronted by an urgent need organized charity conceived the scheme of utilizing the pleasures of the masses towards alleviating the misery of the few, and charity balls, excursions, lawn socials, dramatic and musical entertainments were turned to a holier use than ever before. There seems to be a beautiful equity in an arrangement whereby the dollar bill, jauntily tossed on the idle air by the pleasure-seeker, floats away and ministers to the incurable sufferer in his dingy dormitory.

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To be sure, if there is an excursion the boat costs money; if there is a drama, the building must be rented and incidental expenses incurred, and some who jump at conclusions argue that these are wasteful ways of aiding charity. These expenses should be avoided, they say, and the whole sum given intact to the needy institution. All very good, but you forget that the man who first made sugar-coated pills was a millionaire in no time. If fifty people all have a dollar apiece to give to an orphanage, and if instead of giving it in a lump they invest it in getting up a charity concert which will draw dollars from five hundred others who never think of orphans, they will have done a good service. It is foolish to consider the expense of that concert wasted, for it realized tenfold. There will be concerts and dramas and excursions and balls and the proceeds will go to some other use if not to charity, so that credit is due those who enter the domain of pleasure and bring back bounty for those who suffer—aid that comes in distinct addition to every other source of revenue. It might not be right, but I would not pronounce it wrong if theaters, skating rinks, concert halls, summer resorts, excursion boats, turf and field sport clubs and every organization and vehicle of pleasure were taxed by the state in behalf of those sick and needy ones who are beyond pleasure forever. This might be wrong, but it does not seem an unfair theory that the strong should assist the weak, that waste should relieve want and that in this harsh life there should be an excise duty on all the costly vanities.

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Entertainments sometimes fail to realize more than the expenses, and the charity secures nothing. Then somebody suggests sharp practice. I think nobody, without having had experience, can understand the trials, worry and expense of getting up a drama or opera fit to present before the Toronto public. Even when the performers are paid their alleged expenses I am persuaded that they expend large sums for which they expect no return, besides giving time in long weeks of rehearsal. Usually only those who know nothing about it attack the performers, but in those rare cases where musical or dramatic people make use of charity as a shield from behind which to plunder the public, no censure is sufficiently severe. Certain circumstances cause the public to believe that this has been done, but I do not think the public is in any position to know. But when it is appealed to on charitable grounds it is entitled to know. Therefore, to prevent irresponsible people from getting up entertainments in the abused name of charity, every institution should take active and responsible control of every demonstration in its benefit. It should engage its own artists, pre-arrange with them the amount of remuneration, if any, to be paid for their services, and present a clear sheet of receipts and expenditures to the board of management of the institution concerned. To me this seems the only solution. Otherwise it is quite plain where we will fetch up. All these alarms, even though utterly false, will dissuade the public from patronizing entertainments in behalf of charities. The remedy lies with the institutions concerned.

MACK.

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EDWARD LLOYD.

See Page 11.

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MY DEAR DON,—Having confidence in your judgment and knowledge to treat such matters, I am emboldened to suggest a subject which I know you can make interesting to your many readers. I have in my mind's eye an average couple, married say about two years, with a fair degree of education and refinement, a model pair in fact so far as the world sees, and so far as known to outsiders, or even themselves, happy. The lady is sensitive and has a very high ideal of married life. He is very matter-of-fact, but kind and considerate in every essential point; yet at times he slumbers over his etiquette; and in small things, when he is perhaps mentally and physically tired, he leaves his wife to work out her own salvation—*e. g.*, lets her pull the string in a street car; so that things do not seem to be just as they were when her smallest wish was anticipated and effectively executed by attentive and gallant swains. She then exclaims petulantly, "Why can't man be as attentive and nice after as before marriage? It is an outrage, etc." Even men who are gentlemen, and versed in matters of social etiquette, and love their wives more than they loved them as sweethearts have heard something in this strain from women who are by no means chronic grumblers. It seems as if a good deal of married life must be a little more prosy than the stated occasions they met before marriage. Men don't like to be always on the *qui vive*, feeling that they are being watched.

Will true gentlemen ever swerve from the straight line of strict propriety through carelessness, etc?

Which is the greater sin—to be too exacting, or too careless?

Hoping to see this subject ventilated by you in an early edition,

I am, etc.,

CIRCULUS IN PROBANDO.

The above letter has been lying on my desk for several weeks, and as the questions asked are hard to answer, I have been anything but prompt in striving to give the required information. Moreover, as Mrs. Don, who has been my best critic in such matters, is not near me to keep me from being too masculine in my reply, I undertake the task with a good deal of diffidence.

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The information at hand is somewhat limited. Even in "two years" it is quite possible for carelessness to have become chronic. The whole tendency of mankind is in the direction of becoming individually and collectively absorbed in themselves and their avoca-

tions. This results in individual cases in apparent neglect of the one who had become accustomed during courtship and honeymoon to a vigilant lookout for an opportunity to serve her. She thinks that this is deterioration, a growing weariness in her service, of tiredness of her personality, when as a matter of fact the man is simply reverting, or has reverted, to his natural condition. Possession being nine points of the law, the married man is apt to feel that he having obtained the legal right to call her "his own," has little more to do than to provide for her wants, protect her from insult and injury, and when he feels like it be attentive and lover like. This implies that "when he doesn't feel like it" he should be at liberty to think of himself and his affairs and let her run her own show. My correspondent suggests that the husband, in the partnership under discussion, is "very matter-of-fact, but kind and considerate in every essential point." Now, it is a question in every family, and a burning question in recently organized families, as to what shall be considered "an essential point." Keeping his wife "well supplied in basket and store," to quote the words of an old-fashioned service, is one of the material things, which is recognized as essential without discussion. Theoretically, if not in practice, I also hold that kindness and consideration, a careful attention to her wants when in public view is also an essential. A man wants his wife not only to be virtuous, but to seem to be virtuous; the wife rightly enough insists on the same standard, and is proud and happy if she is not only loved but *seems to be loved*. A man is not especially fond of being made much of by his wife in public. Conjugal demonstrations of affection made by amateurs in the presence of others are in very bad form, but gentlemanly demonstrations, those kindly and unforgetful recognitions of the presence and necessities of a wife, are the most grateful tributes that can be paid to a woman. She is properly unwilling to have her neighbors and friends, the curious and gossiping public imagine that her husband is tired of her or thoughtless of her comfort. It wounds her vanity, and there is a great, big, well developed streak of vanity displayed in womankind. The man who outrages this womanly instinct incurs a serious danger by permitting some gallant but heartless and unscrupulous specimen of his own kind to cause his wife to institute comparisons between his gentle demeanor and the matter-of-fact forgetfulness of the husband. I think that probably the thing that husbands should strive to remember more than anything else, except the practice of absolute domestic virtues, is the necessity of letting the wife see, and the public see, that she is dearer to him than anybody else and occupies a greater share of his thoughts than anybody else. This effect, it seems to me, should not be attempted by the public use of "darling" and "sweetest" and that sort of verbal taffy, but by special care in not leaving a wife to do for herself those things that sweethearts and other dear ones have had or are having done for them by others.

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I have no doubt that the average man—and he is the type presented—loves his wife more than he did his sweetheart, yet "matter-of-fact" conduct is not always rightly interpreted by women. The heart thirsteth not only after love, but after assurances of love. As my correspondent suggests, married life becomes a very prosy thing indeed if expressions of affection are seldom made. Things taken for granted in matrimony, as in business, are often the source of disagreement and controversy. More than half of the litigation in our courts, more than half of the unhappiness in families results from a careless statement of what is true and what would be recognized as correct if made at the proper time and in an affectionate or conciliatory spirit.

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My correspondent truly says that "men do not like to be always on the *qui vive*, feeling that they are being watched." Men are never on the *qui vive* unless they feel that they are being watched. Our public conduct is largely governed by public opinion and our regard for it; our private conduct is in an equally important sense governed by private opinion and our regard for it. An honest man would turn thief if he became careless, had access to money and was not watched. A good husband will become careless, matter-of-fact and indifferent unless he feels that his wife is watching him, or at least will be vastly interested in the private opinion of those who are always willing to offer themselves as a vigilance committee or an investigating committee on the affairs of their neighbors. If a man does not care what his wife and his wife's friends think of his conduct towards her, he will do a thousand things which will wound her, and it is no excuse that he is matter-of-fact or absorbed by business. The man who does this sort of thing is really forgetful of his wife. It is not that we are prepared to make great sacrifices for the women we love, but that we are willing to make little sacrifices and make them often, that proves our devotion or the absence of it.

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"Which is the greater sin, to be too exacting or too careless?" Neither may be a sin. It would be hard to find a greater folly than either. To be too exacting is to excite revolt; to be too careless is to afford opportunity for misunderstanding. Misunderstanding sometimes leads to intrigue; always to either coldness or jealousy. Of the two, the rebel who loves the old allegiance but hates the lash is in less danger than the mercenary or cold-hearted soldier who thinks there is "nothing in it," that matrimony and professions of love and the hope of being tenderly cared for and thought of by some one person, is a mistake. Those who become cynical and worldly—for worldliness as often invades the kingdom of human love as it does the domain of divine love—are apt to take hold of false philosophies, be governed by easy codes, and recognize nothing but the "matter-of-fact" exhibition of what is man's mental attitude at the moment, forgetful—often sadly, unfortunately, miserably forgetful—of the meaning of a whole lifetime and of a heart that is undisciplined but might be led in ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. It is not so important what I or anyone who tries to write of such matters says as to which is the greater sin. "to be too exacting or too careless," but it is of the greatest importance to avoid both, by remembering that he or she who truly cares will never forget those for whom they care most or even seldom forget those for whom they care at all.

DON.

Social and Personal.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season, and one which I could only mention briefly last week, was that of Miss Rachel Lee, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Lee, and Mr. W. K. George of Chicago, son of the late Rev. Dr. George, D.D., which took place Wednesday evening of last week at Mr. Lee's residence on Gloucester street. The bride looked very pretty, and was handsomely attired in a white royal silk gown, trimmed with honiton lace, and wore diamond ornaments, among which was a lovely diamond star pendant necklet, the gift of the groom. Miss Florence and Miss Ethel Lee, sisters of the bride, made charming bridesmaids, the former wearing lemon and the latter white silk. The groom was supported by Mr. Maynard Miller and his brother, Mr. J. George of Chicago, and little Miss Rachel Lee and Master Hervey Jackes, niece and nephew of the bride, looked very pretty as third bridesmaid and groomsman respectively. Mr. Lee, assisted by his eldest daughter, Mrs. E. H. Jackes, who was attired in white silk trimmed with gold braid, received the guests, about eighty in number, among whom were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lee, Mrs. John Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lee and the Misses Lee, the Misses George, Mr. J. B. Ellwood of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Roaf, Mr. and Mrs. Midgely, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Lee and the Misses Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bastedo, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. John Livingstone, Mr. and Mrs. A. Burdette Lee, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cecil Lee, Mr. and Mrs. James George, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Clausen, Miss Florence Jackes, Mr. W. D. Taylor, Mr. A. Taylor, the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy. Among the handsome toilets noticed were those of Mrs. Albert Gooderham who wore white silk with pearl trimmings; Mrs. James George, black velvet with jet ornaments; Mrs. W. C. Crowther, gray satin with pink *chiffon* trimmings; Mrs. A. Burdette Lee, crimson gauze; Miss George, white silk trimmed with white lace; Miss Emma George, canary silk trimmed with black. The bride received an unusually large number of elegant presents, although some of the most handsome could not be seen, as several of her friends had the thoughtfulness to order their presents in New York to be forwarded to Chicago, and thus save Mr. and Mrs. George the trouble and annoyance of taking them across the border. One of the pleasantest features of the happy occasion was the presence of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Joseph Lee, who was congratulated upon the marriage of her seventh grandchild. Mrs. Lee has now a family of over eighty, including children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all of whom reside in Toronto. The ceremony was performed by the venerable Archdeacon Boddy, after which the bride received the congratulations of her friends and relatives. Mr. and Mrs. George left amidst a shower of good wishes, rice and old shoes to catch the 11:35 train for Detroit and after an extended wedding tour in the South-Western States they will settle in Chicago, where Mrs. George will with her amiability and goodness of heart soon make as many friends as she has left in Toronto.

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Miss Anna May Paterson of Picton is in the city, the guest of Mrs. Conley of 279 Jarvis street.

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On the evening of April 22 a very enjoyable dinner party was given to the staff of the Bank of Montreal by Mr. George Crawford at his residence on Church street, the occasion being the presentation of a very handsome French traveling clock to Mr. Rudyard Boulton, a token of the esteem of his fellow clerks on his departure from Toronto branch to assume the duties of accountant at Perth. When the guests had assembled Mr. Crawford called on Mr. Spratt to sing a song or two, which he did in a creditable manner. Messrs. Dick and Webster then made the presentation with neat speeches, Mr. Boulton responding in fitting words, showing much surprise and gratitude. After the presentation the following gentlemen sat down to dinner: Messrs. Crawford, Boulton, Branchard, Carmichael, McLean, Kirkpatrick, Ricketts, Spratt, Webster, Cronyn, Ker, Macnider, Priesick, Bog, Hart, Dick and Ferrie. Mr. Crawford acted as chairman and proposed the toast to Mr. Boulton, which was drunk with heartiness. It was then ordered that each man had to either sing a song or make a speech. No one was excused, and it went the rounds of the table. Messrs. Branchard and Cronyn sang French songs, and Messrs. Ricketts, Spratt, Ker, Priesick and Dick, English and Scotch songs. Mr. Carmichael proposed the toast to absent friends; it was responded to by Mr. Crawford. Mr. McLean proposed the usual toast to the ladies, which was responded to by Mr. Kirkpatrick. Messrs. Webster, Macnider, Bog, Hart, Dick and Ferrie made speeches testifying to the amiable qualities of Mr. Boulton and wishing him prosperity and happiness in his new position. Mr. Webster thanked Mr. Crawford on behalf of the boys for enabling them to make the presentation in such an elegant manner. It was late when the party broke up, but all went away saying that it was the merriest evening they had spent for a long time.

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A most delightful *soiree musicale* was given by the Wednesday Musical Club last Saturday evening, at the Art Gallery. A good number of fair ladies and their cavaliers responded to the invitations, and a great deal of pleasure was taken from the contributions by various members of the club. Mrs. Harrison and Miss Thomas opened the programme with the Dance Macabre, a piano duet, Mrs. Garratt sang the ever lovely Alla Stetta Confidente most charmingly, Miss Hays gave Alard's Faust Fantasie for violin, and Miss Boultbee a Chopin prelude and Cradle song; Mrs. Fred Cox sang a lovely Aria from Der Freischutz; Miss Littlehales and Miss Gunther opened the second part with a Mendelssohn Concertante, for 'cello and piano; Mrs. Macfarlane followed with Schubert's Spinning Song; Miss Eva Janes played in her dainty and finished style a Chopin Ballade; Miss Norma Reynolds and Miss Bessie Bonsall sang very beautifully Auber's Balero duet. The musical part of the evening was finished about half-past ten, by a trio for violin, 'cello and piano, ably interpreted by the Misses Archer, Littlehales and Gordon. Then chairs and sofas were put aside, and a delicate supper provided. The inimitable Gilonna and his merry men played Dancing on the Pier and the invitation was blithely responded to, a score of dancers soon skimming lightly round in the popular Military. Among the guests were: Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. Paul Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Lillian Littlehales, Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, Mrs. Bilkey, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice McFarlane, Signor and Madame D'Auria, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, the Misses Chaplin of St. Catharines, Mrs. Charles Sheard, Mrs. E. Stanton, Mr. Stanton, Dr. Lehmann, Mr. and Miss Janes, Miss Norma Reynolds, Mr. J. Bayne Coulthard, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cox, Mr. and Miss Gunther, Mrs. Farrar, Capt. and Mrs. Greville Harston, Mrs. and the Misses Archer, Rev. Barnett and Mrs. Elzas, Miss Kitchen of Chatham, Mr. Fred and Miss Grey, Mr. and Mrs. James and Miss Scott, Mrs. Parish, Mrs. R. K. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, Miss Dana of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher, Miss Maud Gordon, Miss Robin, Miss Bonsall, Mr. Strathy, Mr. Willmott Strathy, Mr. and Miss Florence Burnside, Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew, Dr. Davidson, Dr. Capon and many others. Mrs. Dickson looked picturesque and charming in a quaint silk gown; Mrs. Ed. Cox wore a buttercup yellow silk with pearl fringes; Miss Janes was daintily gowned in pale blue; Mrs. Harrison wore an artistic velvet robe; Mrs. Sheard, an elegant becoming brocaded dress, which was also much admired at her tea the same afternoon; Miss Gunther wore bright red; Mrs. Elzas, black and *ecru*. Several plain white evening gowns were most charming and well suited their youthful wearers.

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The Russian Honeymoon did not attract very large audiences. Somehow people did not seem to get hold of it in time, and so many went to the Horse Show on both Friday and Saturday who have since regretted that they did not divide honors more evenly and have a pleasant time while helping the Orphans' Home at the same time. As I predicted, Miss Jardine Thomson was a picture in her yellow brocade and white fur, and Miss Ince was very much appreciated both for stage presence and acting. Her voice is clear, and every word was plainly heard by all. In the manipulation of her *lorgnette* she was most impressive, and her acting was easy and natural. Miss Roberts looked so sweet that one rebelled against her evident relish of the gallantries of such a horrid looking creature as her *fiance*. The make-up of the actors was immense, and his best friend would have been puzzled to identify Mr. Kirkpatrick. The whole play ran smoothly, owing mainly to the patience and painstaking efforts of Mr. Gerald Donaldson, who took the hero's *role* in a very unamateur manner—his fine voice and gesture giving it a fire and life a little lacking in the others. Among the audience I noticed: Miss Strange, Mr. and Miss Small, Col. G. T. and Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Delamere, Miss Featherstonhaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Ince, Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and the Misses Herbert Mason, Mrs. McLean Howard, Miss Lucy Howard, the Misses Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Farrar, etc.

•

Wretched weather, fog and rain arrived for the Horse Show but did not damp the enthusiasm of the opening night, which was celebrated by a fine crowd of fashionable folk, who sat wrapped in furs and ulsters, defying rheumatism and neuralgia in utter recklessness for the sake of the bonnie horses and their gallant riders. The daily papers have made most items stale by this time—but there were a few they did not capture. A wild wager on the pair driving, which has lost one young lady her freedom; she succumbs with a composure which augurs well for her wedding bliss. A naughty competition as to who was the handsomest driver, which landed the inferior above the superior officer, and won gloves galore for certain mischievous-looking dames. A bet between a quiet-looking woman and a rather self-satisfied young man, that said woman could not pick out the winner of one event, and the bankruptcy of the knowing youth thereon. Oh! there was lots of fun outside the tan-bark ring, and the Horse Show of 1892 was one of the pleasantest places to while away one's time! Fine weather came, too, and the lovely flower garden hats and trim spring gowns were shown, several very handsome ones among them. The Saturday matinee was a jolly time, with the family parties in the boxes and the delighted youngsters everywhere.

•

Mrs. G. R. Baker of 30 Rose avenue left yesterday for an extended tour of the Western States. Her principal visit will be with her brother, Mr. H. H. Harvey of St. Paul, Minn. She will return in the early part of June.

•

The Willing Workers' Association of Christ Church, Deer Park, held a very successful bazaar and sale of work in the school house on Friday of last week in aid of the restoration of the church, and the receipts obtained were most satisfactory. From the time of opening, at three p.m., till late in the evening the room was crowded with visitors, who were treated to a choice programme of music while making their various purchases. A number of tastily draped stalls were arranged round the room, over which, amongst others, were noticed the following young ladies presiding, with their pretty uniform mob caps: The Misses Hoskin and Mulholland aided the good cause by selling their beautifully hand-painted China at the Art Stall; the Misses Winnie Hoskin and Lois Taylor tempted the visitors with their choice display of flowers; Miss Jackes and Miss Lillie Taylor did a remunerative trade at the candy stall, and at the refreshment table several young ladies dispensed ice cream and cooling drinks, while the society's energetic president, Mrs. George Ridout, ably assisted and did the bulk of the work at the center table, where fancy needlework and useful articles were eagerly bought. A novel feature of the evening was the "bran tub," a source of great amusement to the younger members, and the day's proceedings resulted in profit to the funds of the church and pleasure to those who attended.

•

Mrs. Porter Ward, of Syracuse, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wynn of Peter street.

•

The Atheneum Club gave an informal At Home on last Saturday evening, which was much enjoyed by all present. The Italian orchestra played in the gallery and some dancing was indulged in—more would have been appreciated. The guests left early as Sunday came on apace. This beautiful club house is likely to be a very great acquisition, and its kind hospitality is very fully enjoyed by its well pleased friends.

•

Several Toronto people are going to the bachelors' ball at Stony Creek Wednesday evening.

•

The Fencing Club entertainment will take place on Wednesday, May 4, instead of May 5, as announced last week. A fine programme is prepared.

•

Half a dozen little maids of the Jewish congregation are getting up a fancy sale, on Wednesday and Thursday of next week, in the basement of the Jewish synagogue, on Richmond street. The little girls are working hard, and their earnings are to be devoted to the Jewish poor of the city. The affair will be under the supervision of Mrs. Elzas, wife of the pastor of the synagogue, and deserves encouragement and success.

•

The French Club spent a pleasant evening at the hospitable residence of Mr. Catto, 46 Bloadalbane street, last Saturday evening. The club will be received this evening by Madame Choquette, at 22 Wellington place.

•

A quiet but very pretty wedding took place at Beech Grove, the residence of Mr. Henry Gooderham, Wellesley crescent, on last Wednesday afternoon, the contracting parties being Mr. A. M. Huestis of the Methodist Book Room and Miss Florence G. Hamilton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Briggs, assisted by Rev. Thos. Manning, B. A. The bride looked charming and was attended by her cousin, Miss Dora Gooderham, while Mr. Walter H. Clemes supported the groom. After *dejeuner* the happy couple left by the 4.55 train for Boston and Maritime Provinces amid showers of rice and good wishes. The presents were costly and unique. Among them I noticed a beautiful bronze marble clock from the employes of the Methodist Book Room.

•

Les "Sans-Soucis" se reuniront le 5 Mai, chez Madame Smith, 99 rue Charles.

•

A dance was given at Newmarket on Wednesday evening, at which were several Toronto people. Full particulars came too late for publication this week. Among the visitors were: Miss Lee, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Bastedo, Miss Catto, Messrs. Bastedo, Smith, Wilson, Ross, Whatmough, Catto and others.

•

The many friends of Mr. R. L. Griffiths will be glad to hear that he has recovered from his severe illness.

•

A beautiful pair of banners, the proud possession of the Toronto Bicycle Club, have attracted a good many glances to Messrs. Ryrie's window on Yonge street this week. They are the work of Miss M. T. Burns of Parkdale, and are most beautifully finished in rich gold bullion.

•

The Stevenson Lodge, A. F. & A. M., were At Home to their friends last night at the Masonic Hall, Toronto street. Further particulars next week.

•

A surprise party visited Mr. and Mrs. Hewson at their residence, 37 Beverley street, on Wednesday evening, April 20. A very pleasant evening was spent in dancing and games. Among those present were: Miss Fowler, the Misses Gledhill, Miss C. Gamble, the Misses Geare, Miss Herbert, Miss Allison, Miss Burnett, Miss Greely, Miss Locke, Miss Corbett, Mrs. and Miss Dodd, Mr. Peacock, Mr. Robert Gledhill, Mr. Peake, Mr. Rose, Mr. Scott, Mr. Sweet, Mr. Bissell, Mr. Armour, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Stuttaford, Mr. Sarge, Mr. Tait and Mr. Aylward.

•

Mrs. McCaul of Huron street welcomed a number of friends at a tea on Saturday. A few I noticed were: Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. FitzGibbon, Mrs.

(*Continued on Page Eleven.*)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Swede Gloves in Cream, Mode and Biscuit.
Glace Gloves in New Tan and all the latest shades.
Novelties in Cuff Gloves.
Silk, Taffeta and Thread Gloves in all the leading colors.

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Pretty Delaines, Summer Silks and Light Wool Goods in the newest designs from Paris.
A choice variety of goods for Tailor-made Dresses.

- MILLINERY -

A great variety in the newest and prettiest styles.

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"ELITE" LIMOGES
china nothing is more suitable for a wedding gift

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Chocolate Sets — Porridge Bowls
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Much superior to the ordinary camphor for the preservation of
Furs, Feathers, Woollen or Hair Goods
From the ravages of moths.
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TRANS - ATLANTIC
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COMIC COOKERY BOOK
AND
DYSPEPTIC'S GUIDE TO THE GRAVE
By F. H. CURTIS
"This neatly got up little work will repay a perusal by any one who can enjoy a good pun and appreciate such humor as ripples beneath the surface of a cleverly-pointed joke. This book absolutely bristles from beginning to end with catch phrases and jokes innumerable."
JAMES BAIN & SON, Fine Stationery, Toronto

Useful and Ornamental.

GINGHAMS, zephyrs, and all cotton dress materials seem to excel all former years in artistic beauty. To have plenty of wash dresses is now to be well costumed the entire summer, since these materials come in all colors, suitable for the house or the street. The ginghams now shown are genuine ginghams, in style as well as in name and material. They do not follow so much as in last year the designs of other goods, but come in broken plaids, checks, wavy designs and zigzag stripes. Raised lace effects, in white or colors, are a particularly handsome feature in this season's designs. Shepherd checks in light blue and white, pink, green and primrose yellow, are noticed. The new colors in these goods are often in two tones. Some of the new shaded wavy designs resemble changeable silk, and are sheer and fine and of light weight. The handsomest wash materials in the market are fine French batistes and spotted muslins, each with beautiful printed floral designs. They are thirty-one inches wide and thirty-five and fifty-five cents per yard respectively. Cotton Bedford cords, resembling light pique, and also cotton *crepons*, will be popular. They are thirty cents a yard. Gilbert's fast black ground, with white and multi-colored designs, and also their all-black Henriettas and surah novelties are unusually fine this year. They are thirty-five cents a yard, of the usual width—thirty-one inches. One of the best weaves of moderate price cotton dress goods is "outing cloth." Many goods are sold under that name, but the genuine is of New England manufacture, and knows no equal. The colors are fast, and the pretty designs are in broken plaids, checks and stripes in blue, pink, heliotrope, brown, tan and in soft plaid colors. The cloth has the appearance of a light woolen finishing. No material can be better recommended for boys' every-day summer kilt suits. It does not lose its softness of texture in washing, and requires no starching. Another cloth of equal merit for outing purposes is gypsy cloth, which comes in equally attractive colors. These goods are twelve and a half cents per yard. An entire novelty for this season for seaside and lawn tennis dresses of about equal value, is called crown canvas. It is a coarse, but soft, material, as its name implies. It is thirty-six inches wide, and the colors are fast. A brunette cannot find a prettier lawn tennis suit than one of its brilliant high-colored plaids, while the plaids of light blue are equally handsome.

The classic commencement-dress of purest white has not lost its prestige, but white now is susceptible of so many different shades of coloring that to say a girl is dressed in white very vaguely describes her attire. The soft, shimmering, liquid white of India or China silk, the pearly tint of pure white Henrietta or cashmere, the ivory-white of satin and grenadines, and all the varieties of creamy and misty and snowy laces and draperies, make the choice of materials for a white commencement-dress almost as puzzling as the selection would be in colored goods. Dainty simplicity is the point to be attained, and the youthful aspirant for valedictorian or other class honors feels anxious to appear, as well as to be at her best on the most momentous day of school or college life. Nothing can be daintier in a simple style than a gown of satin striped white tissue made with a basque and a full or bell skirt, and trimmed with insertions of white Alencon lace. White kid gloves and a classic *coiffure* make the effect of simplicity very marked. Slender girls, or those of undeveloped figures, will like full short-waisted effects. In figured white China silk, or any white material such as surah, grenadine, mull, albatross cloth, *crepon*, or *crepe de chine*, such a style is equally pretty. It is only necessary to consult the wearer's taste or requirements with regard to becomingness. The sallow-complexioned girl will need rich creamy shades of white with soft full ruches of lace; the satin-skinned brunette will select an ivory tint; the blonde with creamy complexion will also avoid pure white; and the apple-blossom-girl with brown hair will robe herself in pearly white with ruffles of foamy *chiffon*. The Titian blonde will look best in purest white, and so will the blonde or brown-haired types with faintly tinted pearly complexions. The stout girl will select perpendicular-striped draperies, the tall girl, plain material of rich fabric, and the short girl can add to her height with a demi-train of striped material.

Shorter skirts are being made for girls of from four to ten years, and for all girls skirts are straight and full, measuring from two yards and a half to three yards or a trifle more in width. Rows of embroidered or lace insertion (according to the material), tucks and ruffles are the garnitures used. Washable dresses are made of pink, blue and gray ginghams in fine stripes, cotton Bedford cords in blue or lilac alternating with white, or ecru with tan or darker brown. Beige, gray, tan-color and pale violet are selected in plain percales and cotton goods. In making up the waists of washable dresses, the blouse effect, with fullness gathered at the shoulders in the front and back, is liked, and the finish of neck and sleeves is a turned-down ruffle of embroidery around the neck, and deep cuffs of embroidery on the leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Low round waists have a bertha and sleeve-frill of embroidery, and these are worn over a guimpe. Pretty pink mull or lawn dresses are made without lining, and have sleeves that are tied up in puffs. Party dresses, and dresses for summer afternoons when company is expected, are of China *crepe*, *crepon*, challie, or India-silk, either white, pink, blue, green, or lilac, worn with mull or lace guimpes. *Moire* ribbon of the same color is worn around the waist and hangs in a Watteau bow at the back, between the shoulders. White China silk guimpes are made with full sleeves, feather stitching or shirring at the wrists, and lace ruffles, and round collars with deep lace frills falling low on the waist of the dress and over the tops of the sleeve. For washable silks, foulards, and cotton cheviots, the usual models have shirt waists and full skirts. For girls of from twelve to sixteen, school-dresses of washable goods, gingham, percale, cotton cheviot, or cotton Bedford cord, are made with extreme simplicity. LA MODE.

The Granger and His Hat.

An old granger dropped into the Sherman House barber shop yesterday afternoon who would have proved a gold mine if Denman Thompson could have captured him for his rural drama. His hair looked as if it had not been cut since the last Blaine campaign, and after he had passed through the hands of a barber it is doubtful if his own family would have recognized him. He paid the check and the porter brushed the hayseed from his coat and handed him his hat. The old man put on his head covering and it immediately sunk to the level of his ears, practically snuffing out its wearer like a candle.

"Here! See here! Tarnation, that ain't my hat!" he cried, throwing it down and glaring around the room, every bit of indignation in his giant frame aroused.

"Beg pahdon, sah; but dat's yo hat, sah, shore's yo is bohn," said the highly amused darkey.

"Don't ye s'pose I don't know my own hat?" snorted the rural visitor. "I've worn it every day for the last two years. Guess I oughter know it purty well by this time."

The porter made no reply, but stood holding out the hat and looking at the old man's earnestness. Suddenly the latter "turned loose" like a tornado, and the language he used would have made his own cattle flee in terror. The foreman of the shop hastened forward.

"I don't want any of yer fellers ter think that I accuse you of takin' it," exclaimed the irate customer. "But I kin lick the low-down sneak who crept in here and stole it while I was havin' my head shingled. And I shall hold this shop responsible for it, too. Cost $1.50, and I kin prove it."

"But, Mr. Butler, are you quite sure that—" began the foreman, balancing the hat in his hands.

"Butler! How in thunder did you find out that my name's Butler?"

"It is written on your hathand here. See! 'Abner Butler, Piper City, Ill.'"

The old man hastily snatched up his hat, jammed it upon his head, and rushed out into a cold and cruel world again, saying several things which cannot be put into cold type.—*Chicago Mail.*

Settled at Last.

She comes into the restaurant,
She sits down in a chair,
She tosses up her bangs and then
She reads the bill of fare.

She reads it up, she reads it down;
She reads it concerning, too;
She reads it near, she reads it far;
She reads it through and through.

She takes it up, she puts it down;
She looks around in doubt;
She hums, she drums, she sighs, she starts;
Her lips begin to pout.

The waiter stands with sphinx-like stare
For hours, it seems to me;
And then—he says she thinks she'll have
A cup of nice hot tea.

Just So.

The train boy is the official who "books" passengers in this country; and he bananas and cough-drops them, too.

CHOICE ROSES, CHOICE ROSES

AND ALL KINDS OF SPRING FLOWERS

SUCH AS

Lily of the Valley, Violets, Daffodils, Hyacinths, Carnations, Etc.

FOR THE

EASTER HOLIDAYS

Send your orders; we can fill them all.
Try and arrange to see our assortment of Pot Plants at the Conservatories. A visit will convince you that we have the choicest stock in the city.

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By our perfected duplicating system we can sell you an article of American make in Sterling Silver, Art goods, or plated ware, place it for exhibition at the wedding here and then deliver a **guaranteed perfect fac simile** to any address in the United States at a much lower figure than our price in stock here. You save the duty upon the goods coming into Canada, and the bride saves the duty going back into the States—a saving to both parties of from 20 to 60 per cent., according to the class of goods.

Mail orders a specialty.

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$1.50 PER KEG
SPADINA BREWERY
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S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

HOUSE-CLEANING and house-moving are the order of the day, which means no idle moments in the carpet and house-furnishing end of this store.

We're doing well for the thrifty housekeeper this spring. The stock was never so large, and there's so much of newness in designs and colorings this year that when the stock is seen one feels they must have a new carpet whether or no.

Brussels	Hemps
Tapestry	Mattings
All Wool	Oil Cloths
Unions	Linoleums

A Brussels for 65c. yd., fine English goods, or choice of any Brussels in the store for $1.17. Tapestries start at 22½c., and we give a leader for 50c. that's good value at 75c. Oil-cloths for 12½c. and 25c. Prices are favorable this year to the housefurnisher. A good year to taste the sweets of matrimony.

Lace Curtains	Furniture Coverings
Portier Curtains	Stair Pads
Window Blinds	Carpet Linings
Cornice Poles	Carpet Sweepers
Stair Rods	

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Splendid Value and Every Price

Heavy Twill Serges for Skirts and Jackets, just the thing, imported direct from the manufacturers.

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CORSETS TO ORDER

ANY STYLE.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

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AND

Miss Duffy

Are now prepared to show all the latest novelties in

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Millinery
AND Costumes

Our goods are the finest, and prices are the lowest.

Our orders in both Millinery, Mantles and Costumes are designed with good taste and fine finish.

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Is now showing the finest assortment of

Trimmed Millinery

To be had in the city. Also a choice selection of Laces and Veilings

The attention of the ladies is called to our Dressmaking Department.

MISS PAYNTER

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MISS BURNETT
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TORONTO

Is respectfully invite your attention to a new and choice selection of

Paris, London and New York

Pattern Bonnets Hats and Toques

Also Parisian Novelties in Veilings, Trimmings Etc.

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ARTISTIC HEALTH CORSETS

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THE ROYAL DRESS REFORM

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Abdominal and other Corsets and Waists in Great Variety

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HAMILTON—Mrs. Hinman, 9 James Street North.
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And many others in principal towns. Examine authority of agents before ordering.

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Good

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All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

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LINEN THREADS

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Sold by All Dealers

You Have a Very Expressive Face

Perhaps that is the cause of the formation of those small lines about your eyes and mouth.

Face Steaming and Massage

will be a luxury for you.

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Kennedy's Shoes Again in the Slaughter

GEORGE McPHERSON, 186 Yonge St.

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Artistic Hygienic Corsets and Dress Reform Waists Made to Order for Ladies Misses and Children

The American Corset and Dress Reform Co., having secured the exclusive agency for The Equipoise and Jenness-Miller Dress Reform Waists, also the Jenness-Miller Patterns and Publications respectfully invite the examination of same, or write for particulars, &c.

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Wigs, Bangs, Water Curled and Wavy Fronts

or other suitable coverings.

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has the largest and most select stock to choose from in Canada, at prices to suit the times.

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Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge Street

In The Days of the Mutiny:

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER V.

Two days after his arrival at Cawnpore, Dr. Wade moved into quarters of his own.

"I like Dr. Wade very much indeed, you know, uncle, still I am glad to have you all to myself and to settle down into regular ways."

"Yes, we have got to learn to know each other Isobel."

"Do you think so, uncle? Why it seems to me that I know all about you, just the same as if we had always been together, and I sure I have told you all about myself, even when I was bad at school and got into scrapes, because you said particularly that you liked me to tell you everything and did not want to know only the good side of me."

"Yes, that is so, my dear, and no doubt I have a fair idea as to what are your strong points and what are your weak ones, but neither one nor the other affects greatly a person's ordinary every day character. It is the little things, the way of talking, the way of listening, the amount of sympathy shown and so on, that make a man or woman popular. People do not ask whether he or she may be morally a sleeping volcano, who, if fairly roused, might slay a rival or burn a city; they simply look at the surface, to see if a man or a woman is pleasant, agreeable, easily pleased, ready to take a share in making things go, to show a certain amount of sympathy in other people's pleasures or troubles, in fact, to form a pleasant unit of the society of a station.

"So in the house you might have the most angelic temper in the world, but if you wore creaky boots, had a habit of slamming doors, little tricks of giggling or fidgeting with your hands or feet, you would be an unpleasant companion, for you would be constantly irritating one in small matters. Of course it is just the same thing with your opinion of me. You have an idea that I am a good enough sort of fellow, because I have done my best to enable you to carry out your plans and wishes, but that has nothing to do at all with my character as a man to live with. Till we saw each other, when you got out of the gharry, we really knew nothing whatever of each other."

Isobel shook her head decidedly.

"Nothing will persuade me that I didn't know everything about you, uncle. You are just exactly what I knew you would be in look, and voice, in manner and ways and everything. Of course, it is partly from what I remember, but I really did not see a great deal of you in those days; it is from your letters, I think, entirely, that I knew all about you, and exactly what you were. Do you mean to say that I am not just what you thought I should be?"

"Well, not so clearly as all that, Isobel. Of course you were only a little child when I saw you, and except that you had big brown eyes and long eyelashes, I confess that it struck me that you were rather a plain little thing, and I do not think that your mother's letters since conveyed to my mind the fact that there had been any material change since. Therefore I own that you are quite different from what I had expected to find you. I had expected to find you, I think, rather stumpy in figure and square in build, with a very determined and business-like manner."

"Nonsense, uncle, you could not have expected that."

"Well, my dear, I did, and you see I find I was utterly wrong."

"But you are not discontented, uncle?" Isobel asked with a smile.

"No, my dear, but perhaps not quite so contented as you may think I ought to be."

"Why is that, uncle?"

"Well, my dear, if you had been what I had pictured you I might have had you four or five years to myself. Possibly you might even have gone home with me to keep house for me in England, when I retire. As it is now I give myself six months at the outside."

"What nonsense, uncle. You don't suppose I am going to fall in love with the first man who presents himself. Why everyone says the sea voyage is a most trying thing, and you see, I came through that quite scathless. Besides, uncle," and she laughed, "there is safety in multitude, and I think that a girl would be far more likely to fall in love in some country place where she only saw one or two men, than where there are numbers of them. Besides, it seems to me that in India a girl cannot feel that she is chosen, as it were, from among other girls as she would do at home. There are so few girls and so many men here, there must be a sort of feeling that you are only appreciated because there is nothing better to be had.

"But, of course, uncle, you can understand that the idea of love making and marrying never entered my head at all, until I went on board a ship. As you know I always used to think that Robert and I would live together, and I am quite sure that I should never have left him if he had lived. If I had stopped in England I should have done the work I had trained myself to do, and it might have been a mistake

would be with you, as she had hoped to have the pleasure of having you in her carriage with her."

"But why shouldn't she like it?" Isobel said indignantly. "Surely I am not as disagreeable as all that! Come, doctor!"

Captain Doolan laughed, while the doctor said, "It is just the contrary, my dear. I am quite sure that if you were in Mrs. Cromarty's place, and had two tall washed-out looking daughters, you would not feel the slightest desire to place Miss Hannay in the same carriage with them."

"I call that very disagreeable of you, doctor," Isobel said, flushing, "and I shall not like you at all if you take such unkind and malicious views of people. I don't suppose such an idea ever entered into Mrs. Cromarty's head, and even if it did it makes it all the kinder that she should think of offering me a seat. I do think most men seem to consider that women think of nothing but looks, and that they are always thinking of getting their daughters married. It is not at all nice, doctor, to have such ideas, and I shall thank Mrs. Cromarty warmly, when I see her, for her kindness in thinking about me."

Accordingly, that afternoon, when they met at the usual hour, when the band was playing, Isobel went up to the colonel's wife.

"I want to thank you, Mrs. Cromarty, Dr. Wade has told me that you had intended to offer me a seat in your carriage to the races. It was very kind and nice of you to think of me, and I am very much obliged to you. I should have enjoyed it very much if it hadn't been that Mrs. Hunter is coming to stay with us, and, of course, I shall be under her wing. Still, I am just as much obliged to you for having thought of it."

Mrs. Cromarty was pleased with the girl's warmth and manner, and afterwards mentioned to several of her friends that she thought that Miss Hannay seemed a very nice young woman.

"I was not quite favorably impressed at first," she admitted. "She has the misfortune of being a little brusque in her manner, but, of course, her position is a difficult one, being alone out here, without any lady with her, and no doubt she feels it so. She was quite touchingly grateful, only because I offered her a seat in our carriage for the races, though she was unable to accept it, as the major will have the Hunters staying with him."

(To be Continued.)

Not Just Yet!

(Written for Saturday Night.)

"What's the matter with you, Horace! I thought you professed to admire Mme. X, and the company is not bad."

Horace Langton leaned back in his seat and pulled his mustache in a dreary manner.

"Well, Howard old man, I don't know. I used to rave about Mme. X in England, but somehow I rave about nothing now.

The young men remained silent and looked round the house. It was well filled, for the celebrated actress was always an attraction in Montreal. Presently the curtain fell and our friends left the house without waiting for the "call" which followed as a matter of course.

"I suppose we have time for a liquid," said Langton as they entered a bar together.

Howard smoked a cigar while his friend consumed a brandy and soda. Charles Howard was a barrister who had taken high honors from McGill University and who was already on the way to success in his profession. Langton was an Englishman without certain employment and whose remittances from the Old Country were few and far between. Just now, however, under the softening influence of a brandy and soda, he did not feel particularly an object for commiseration, and no one would have suspected that the handsome young fellow in evening dress was neither more nor less than a member of that well known club "the unemployed;" such, however, was the case. They returned to their places which were to the back of the orchestra stalls. The curtain was just rising and the barrister's attention was soon engrossed by the performance. His companion, however, was a prey to a train of thoughts in which the beautiful actress had no share. Suddenly his eyes fell upon a face in one of the boxes; a girl was leaning forward her eyes fixed intently upon the stage; he could see an old lady at the back of the box, but it was not she who changed the current of his thoughts.

"Who is that girl?" he asked his companion.

"Which girl?" queried the other.

"The only decent-looking girl in the house," replied Langton irritably. "There, there she continued, "in that box. The dark girl with the creamy complexion and those strange dreamy eyes. But hang it one can't see her, much less describe her."

"You seem to do it well enough from memory," said Howard, raising his opera glass towards the box in question. "That's Miss Temple," he added, "one of the greatest heiresses in Montreal." He looked curiously at his friend.

"Really! That's enough; money always dispels my illusions. I've seen that girl before—often—but I never thought of her as an heiress, she doesn't look like one!"

"Would you care for an introduction?"

"Certainly not; circumstances have made me a ruined man but they shall never make me a fortune hunter or a cad."

Once more the curtain fell, and again our friends, at Langton's suggestion, found their way into the neighboring bar. After another brandy and soda and a cigarette, Langton became almost communicative; through a certain ironical simplicity his friend could detect that the other was anxious to unburden himself upon a subject which had been weighing upon his mind for some time past. They made their way into the smoking-room and sat down.

"Howard," exclaimed Langton after a silence of some minutes, "Howard, I wasn't always the useless kind of fellow you see me now. No! A little more than a year ago I had as good a chance of a career before me as any young officer in the service. I owe my ruin not to the usual causes—cards, wine or the other thing—but solely to my own stupidity. I had a friend, who was in no profession and who possessed, at least I thought so then, ample means. This friend got me mixed up in an affair in which I had no personal interest except for his sake. After a time he began to come to me for money, always for the same purpose; I always lent it to him and he always repaid me. He used to gamble heavily but there was no whisper against him in the ring or at the clubs. He passed everywhere for an unmarried man, and I alone knew of a secret marriage he had made on the continent and one so disreputable that he dared not make it public. This was the secret between us and like an idiot I felt bound to stand by him. One night he came to me, I was at my club in London enjoying a fortnight's leave. He told me that he must meet $500 the next morning and that he had induced his wife to go to Australia on receipt of another $500. He showed me papers proving that money was coming to him within six months and implored me to back his bill for a straight one thousand pounds for that time. We had a brandy and soda together and then another. He told me that after he had tided over this matter he would be a new man; his wife in Australia he would be free and he most solemnly promised me to give up betting for the future. In the end I signed. My paper was worth something then. He got the bill cashed all right, but I never set eyes on him again. I heard from him once or twice during the six months and although I knew that I had acted most foolishly I thought it would still be all right. In the end my father paid and I came to this country a ruined man. My father was all the more furious, because I had introduced the scoundrel to him and he had on one occasion written him, at my instigation, a letter of introduction to an American consul who was spending a few weeks in the south of France. My father died some six months later without leaving me even the proverbial 'shilling' or a solitary word of forgiveness." Langton smiled bitterly and threw away the butt of his cigar.

"They went back to the theater and found that they had missed the greater part of the last act, but neither was thinking very much about the performance, and involuntarily the eyes of both wandered to a certain box to their left.

"Who is that man?" whispered Langton with a strange eagerness. The old lady had left the box and the profile of a man with a black beard was just visible. Howard raised his opera-glass.

"Oh, that's a Mr. Sinclair," he replied.

"Has he been long in Montreal? Tell me something about him."

"Sinclair holds a very good position here—I forget precisely what it is. He's an Englishman, been out about a year and moves in very good society. By the by, they say he's engaged to that Miss Temple, but I hardly believe it."

"Why shouldn't he be?" muttered the other gloomily, but Howard made no reply. The *denouement* of the play was taking place and all the reserve force of the great actress was being taxed to the utmost. The gas was lowered and the orchestra played softly as she approached the footlights. Suddenly the 'calcium' was turned on, and Langton uttered a low exclamation of surprise; the light had for a moment reated upon the box before being focused upon the actress and during that moment a revelation had been made to the young Englishman.

"I not well," he whispered; "I shall faint if I stop here much longer," and in spite of the obvious displeasure of the people he was interrupting, expressed in more than one language, the young man made his way quietly to the door. He turned to his right and walked rapidly along the passage leading to the boxes; no one noticed him, for every eye was fixed upon the actress.

At last the young man stopped before a door that was ajar; he pushed it noiselessly open and saw that its occupants, although facing the stage, were entirely engrossed in each other. It was a strange scene, stranger than anything the audience had witnessed that night, but it was acted quite quietly in that small box. Langton looked at the girl first. A faint flush suffused her cheeks and cold; her dark eyes gleamed with a strange mingling of hope and despair. For a few minutes he continued to gaze at her as in a dream, and then his eyes turned towards the man. "Listen, Ida," he was saying in low, fierce tones. "It is impossible to doubt; my; my happiest moment in life will be when I can claim the right of protecting you, the right of making you love me as I love you!"

The girl's head sank lower, and the man at the door stood silent as a marble statue, like the other waiting for her answer.

"Speak," he continued. "Speak! Tell me that you believe me, tell me that you love me. I have waited so long for this, the one hope in life that is left me. Tell me dearest, tell me with your own lips that you love me!"

"Robert, I do!"

The beautiful head sank lower, the blush deepened, the dark eyes glistened with tears, not of bitterness, but as the jewels of immortal hope.

An expression of one who has heard his own doom crossed over the features of that figure, but he remained still silent and motionless.

"Then, dearest, you will be mine," cried the other in passionate triumph; but a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice that had neither hatred nor exultation in its tones uttered these words, "Not just yet!"

And the famous actress had three less plaudits at the theater, and the little comedy in the boxes was ended—for ever.

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Tramp—Oh, Mr. Teller! dis is me fren', an' you needn' be afraid t' cash his check. I has known him all me life, an' walked clear from California wid him.—*Judge.*

Three of a Kind.

Three pupils of the Marseilles School of Art were chatting together in the Cannebiere. Said one of them: "Look here, my friend, the other day I painted a little dead bird in imitation of marble with such accuracy that, on being thrown into the water, it immediately sank to the bottom."

"Faugh!" said another. "Yesterday I hung my thermometer on the easel supporting my view of the Polar Regions. It fell at once twenty degrees below freezing-point."

"All that is nothing," remarked the third, in conclusion. "My portrait of the Marquis De la Camargue is so life-like that it requires to be shaved twice a week."

La Derniere Ressource.

Garcon—Ah! monsieur, he sit down upon ze floor. Why he not serve himself of ze chaise?

Stout Tourist—Because I've paid the last sou I'm going to for smashing feeble-minded and decrepit French chairs.

His Reward.

Physician—Does he take the cod liver oil, as I prescribed?

Mamma—Take it like a man! Every time he takes it I put a cent in his little bank, and when he has a hundred cents——

Physician—Ah! when he has a hundred cents——

Mamma—Then I will buy him another bottle of oil!

Excursion to Washington, D.C., on April 25, with the Privilege of Visiting New York, via Erie and Lehigh Railways.

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Rather Had Him.

Westerner—There's just one more product that I will concede you beat us in, and that is shop lifters.

New Yorker—Pshaw! We're away behind you in that line.

Westerner—Absurd!

New Yorker—Is it, though! When it comes to shop-lifting, if your cyclones don't hold over us then the records lie, that's all.

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 26 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

A Match For Them.

A party of commercial travelers were holding a festive session at a hotel. In the course of time they became hilarious. A pretty girl came in to assist in waiting upon them.

"What's your name?" several of them inquired in a breath.

"Pearl."

"Are you the Pearl of great price?"

"No. I am the Pearl before swine."

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

It Came Natural.

"Dear, dear!" said a kind-hearted matron on meeting a friend whom she had not seen for a long time; "and you're not yet married, Jane —with your good looks too!"

"No; I'm not married yet," replied Jane with a laugh.

"And how comes it that you are single?"

"Well," said Jane with a twinkle of her eye, "I expect it is because I was born so."

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During the Waltz

She (who is being held unnecessarily tight)—Mr. Professor, I prefer dancing and hugging separately.

He—Then may I have the next break?

Matter-of-Fact.

He—Have I got to tell you that I love you? She—Oh no. I guess you've been making a fool of yourself long enough to satisfy papa.

A Freak of Fate, by the Earl of Desart; St. Katharine by the Tower, by Walter Besant; The World, the Flesh and the Devil, by Miss Braddon; In the Heart of the Storm, by the author of The Silence of Dean Maitland, are among the late issues in the popular Red Letter Series, and can be had at all bookstores.

ONE CHANCE ONLY

Well, I have done all I can and I think he is over the worst stages of the disease, BUT, said the DOCTOR, you know the greatest danger comes from the weak condition in which La Grip has left him. However, there is ONE CHANCE MORE, try ALE AND BEEF PEPTONIZED. It is a wonderful, stimulating, nutritive Tonic and Food and has never failed me yet. Send around quick; it can be got at any DRUG STORE.

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Montreal Art Criticism.

Those who hover around art circles in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal persist in saying that a species of active and unreasoning jealousy exists between the painters of the east and west. Not knowing if this be true, I am watching events in the anxious hope that the charge will be disproven. It is not plain why the rival artists of one center should make common cause against those of another center. If jealousy arises at all it would seem more natural for it to grow up between painters who are in competition every day, than between those who measure work at an exhibit once or twice a year. But artists should be superior to the weakness of fish-peddlers who wrangle for the right to cry their scaly wares down this street or that. There should be no jealousy, whether personal or provincial, and where, in certain small hearts, it does exist, it should be discouraged as a thing that will injure art in the Dominion more than anything else. The jealousy is deplorable, because artists themselves and officers in the various associations will promptly deny the existence of any such feeling. When there is a disposition to stand apart, and when there is supposed to be an inclination among hanging committees to treat only with reluctant fairness those pictures that reach them from a distance—to go further even, when there is a feeling that prejudices are harbored even if not expressed—then I think the most careful good sense should be called into use on all hands to erase so damaging an impression. If it remains it must widen and if it widens it is bound to injure art, for in time exhibits would become local instead of national, as they now aim to be.

I started on this subject on reading the criticism of the Montreal *Star* on the current art exhibition in that city. In that article not a good word is said for any Toronto artist, unless it be in the three lines wherein The Berry Pickers of G. A. Reid is damned with faint praise, after his big picture is pulled to pieces. J. Alden Weir, N. A., and Wyatt Eaton of New York, not only find their work condemned, but find it ridiculed in the same intensely humorous tone that is used against Toronto artists. It looks to me as though the *Star* critic was sent out from the business office with a slip containing the names of the artists who are paid-up subscribers to that enterprising journal, and with the instructions, "These are clever, the others mere daubers." Hampered with such instructions, no critic could do much. After the most careful study of the whole criticism I can find no other explanation for the alleged discovery that all talent lies in the east, than the one that just offered: That the critic was freighted with business office instructions or had for a coadjutor a clerk from the circulation department of his paper. It is unfortunate that such a policy should be pursued, and it is to be hoped that the Toronto press will show a better spirit next month. It is better to speak out now in displeasure than to retaliate later on by imitating so small a practice. A critic's judgment and honesty should be broader than the area of his acquaintance. MACK.

The Drama.

NOT so many minstrel troupes are on the road now as formerly, and consequently the lovers of this sort of entertainment have crowded to the Academy during the week to meet Primrose & West. The show repaid the trouble, for it included several clever minstrel people. Of course Primrose himself ranks first, and his drawling high-key tone was inimitable and his dancing rare. Jansen is clever, but he has not the best sort of an appearance for a colored artist. His face is not the right shape, and when he impersonated first an Italian and then a monkey, he was, despite the burnt cork, more at his ease. One thing I would like to know is, why these impersonators in representing an Italian peanut vendor always go lame in one leg. There is not a lame Italian in the business in Toronto, yet if an actor attempted to impersonate the character without immediately tottering over on one leg, he would be called no good. There are hundreds of such unaccountable things in the habits of stage personages, and no man dare attack them nor can he learn the cause of their existence. The eleventh word spoken by the end-man was "mother-in-law." I knew it had to come and was glad to get it over and be done with it. He only got off two jokes on this estimable lady and considerately put them together, so that the balance of the evening was marred with no particular feeling of momentary dread. The reference to Hamilton was also rushed in during the first half hour, so that thereafter a man could lean back in his seat with his nerves in repose. This is a stroke of that rare genius that has been the making of Primrose & West. Many another company has been buried deep and forgotten through a fool persistency in leaving that mother in law joke hanging threateningly over the head of an audience until forebodings superinduced melancholia among the people and nothing could make them laugh. Yes, many a fine minstrel troupe has been wrecked on this rock. Where are all the old companies?—ask the mother-in-law joke. This is a subject that some of the dramatic papers should take up for the good of the profession. Some clever singing was done by the sextette, composed of Messrs. Oakland, Natus, Reynolds, Thompson, Garland and Weber. Nearer My God to Thee was a beautiful piece delicately handled. Messrs. Oakland and Thompson also sang very pretty solos, the most pleasing feature being the clear articulation that made every word and the whole pathos of the different pieces distinct to all present. The face-slapping joke, according to the programme, is by Tom Lewis, who worked it off. Well, all I have to say is that burnt cork is very deceptive, for to me that joke seems old enough to be Tom Lewis' father. Musical Dale was a treat for those people who enjoy musical freaks. It is all a matter of taste, anyhow, whether a man prefer Signor Dumbelli who can crack a tune out of a row of horseshoes, or Herr Paderewski who employs a piano to the same end. There are people who prefer each of these artists to the other. It is no discredit to a minstrel show to say that many of the jokes were stale, for the same thing may be said of every comic paper in the world. But it is a credit to such a show to say that some of them were new, and there is new matter in the bill presented by Primrose and West.

Herrmann at the Grand gave an entertainment for the first half of the week that is simply indescribable. People who have never see Herrmann are sure to disbelieve all about the fakirs of India and their wonderful magic, but those who saw the conjurer perform this week will believe that anything almost can be done. When a man can find live canaries on ladies' hats in the audience, and pull live rabbits out of plug hats borrowed from fine-looking old gentlemen and find other live rabbits in the pockets of men who are watching in amazement, then it is time to believe that other things can be done. When a man can take two live rabbits and rub them together until they become one live rabbit, and then pull them apart until they are two live rabbits once more, what can he not do? Of course you know how all these things are done, and could explain it in half a minute! You could do it yourself if you had practice—it's all in practice! Everybody who has seen Herrmann more than once pretends to see through his tricks, and they go to the theater and sit there exclaiming to their companion, "Do you see through that?" and explaining just exactly how it was done. Other people all around who have never seen the trick before and are anxious to get a square look at it, are disturbed by these fellows who think they know all about the different tricks, yet could not explain one of them to save their lives. If these fellows got on the platform to explain everything they would not say three words before Herrmann would conjure several chunks of baled hay out of their mouths and they would speak up eggs and turnips for a minute and then rush away in confusion. Of course everything is a trick, but every jay in the gallery and every dude in the pit who pretends to know does not know any more about it than those honestly ignorant folks who are bored with explanations by officious neighbors. This visit of Herrmann has given the know-all nuisance a great picnic.

The Russian Honeymoon, presented at the Academy last week by an amateur cast to help the Orphans' Home, did not receive the support that was deserved by so good an undertaking. A report of the proceedings is given in another column.

As the fencing and dramatic entertainment to be given in the Grand Opera House on May 4 draws near, there is considerable hard work done by the industrious fencers and actors. Ed. Currie and B. Brough can be seen every day at the rooms of the Fencing Club, working up their sabre exhibition, and as both these well known fencers have been fenced naive before, the event will be watched with some interest. The walking cane exercises by Brough, Hay, Capp and Shaw is also intensely interesting to see, and the sticks swing about in graceful curves, presenting a succession of picturesque poses, which show the fencers to advantage. The Sheridan Club are said to be already at their perfect in their screaming farce, My Turn Next, and the tragedy, drawn from The Corsican Brothers will be given with splendid scenic effects. Mr. Malchien, who is an actor of some ability, will play Fabian, and Mr. A. Cartwright, Chateau Renaud, and they will make the duel highly exciting.

Flint, the mesmerist, has been on the Academy platform the last three nights of this week, and will continue all next week. His entertainment holds good for ten nights in most towns.

Booties' Baby is on at the Grand, Friday and Saturday with matinee. The Grenadiers always do present a finished attraction and always have full houses, and the rule holds good this time. MACK.

ROMEOS AND JULIETS.

I have just finished a careful reading of Shakespeare's exquisite romance, Romeo and Juliet. Anyone who does so faithfully cannot fail, I think, to be struck with the touching simplicity of that love tale and with all the circumstances of life surrounding and evolving it, when contrasted with the, in many cases, extremely complicated machinery by which the fortifications of the heart are forced in the present day.

The Romeos and Juliets of to-day are so few and so far between, and relegated to or rather existent in, so humble a sphere that they pass unnoticed, that we have to go back to this charming product of the middle ages for our quotations and references upon this all-absorbing subject. Why is this? Possibly nowadays the conditions of life are so changed, so extravagantly harder than then that we have really no time to indulge in a sentiment of that order so admirably depicted by the Elizabethan playwright.

Possibly, again, our sensibilities are so hardened by the exhausting race for riches and the consequent anxiety attending our lives that we cannot afford to allow ourselves to fall into that state of mental depression ascribed to Shakespeare's hero. Should we permit ourselves to do so, even in the event of success, the calculation of valuable time and money—money mind you!—lost in the operation would go far toward sowing what should be to us the sweetest draught of happiness we can ever have in this world.

This afternoon while standing talking to a couple of friends on one of our leading thoroughfares, a very charming and popular young lady came smiling by, according to us in a peculiarly delightful manner a bright nod of recognition.

"Splendid looking girl, isn't she?" remarked one of the party. "Dresses in rich taste."

"That's just what's the matter though," said another; "she's been engaged to So-and-So for nearly four years and he, poor devil, hasn't got salary enough yet to support her as he would wish. Why, it would take a respectable salary to keep her in clothes. He's rather proud and wouldn't ask her to name the day till he thought he had enough to satisfy her passion for dress. Otherwise she's one of the finest girls in town."

Dear me! Is this then the reason why so many men and women go through life nowadays single? Afraid of each other's extravagances I suppose! Well, that is very unfortunate. It is true though. I have heard many eligible young men give the same reason time and again. "I can't afford to marry." And then, having made up their minds not to marry, they gradually drop off into careless habits, have no fixed object in life, and gently arrive at that condition when they are spoken of as "Poor fellow—wasted life—might have made his mark with someone to look after him."

On the other hand, the woman who abjures all thoughts of matrimony for a similar reason commands our deepest commiseration. Usually engaging in some kind of pursuit that brings her into contact with the business world, roughened by constant intercourse with men, divested of those tender and refining influences which make her birthright, she becomes a most pitiable travesty upon the most perfect of all the great Creator's handiworks.

Is this not very sad? And yet the remedy is simple enough. If the pretty theory or belief of the twin souls (that is, each soul of one sex having its counterpart in the other) be true—and I am inclined to think it is—then must each pair of soft white hands of your sisters and mine hold the soul of some manly form within their keeping.

Is it not then a woman's duty to seek her other self, and having, by those mysterious ways which we all admit but cannot explain, found it, make it her life-work to build up that double soul, as it were, to immortality? Let our young women then, divested of those glaring eccentricities of fashion, stand forth in an apparel that will not hide or counteract the natural grace and beauty the Almighty has so lavishly bestowed upon them, and perchance our young men, undismayed by visions of large milliners' bills and other luxuries so common to the female sex, may be lured away from dreams of bachelor bliss, from their clubs and from their other frivolities, and drinking deeply of the fountain of those joys which are hallowed by both divine and natural law, there may yet be plenty of Romeos and Juliets to confer with the angels in a pure and perfect happiness the straight and narrow road that leads to eternity. HENRI B. SULLY.

In Pharaoh Land.

WE rode on donkeys from Aswan to the oval island of Philae, containing perhaps a hundred acres. It has a lovely, poetic, but not a fruitful aspect with the remains of its two beautiful temples and a few scattered palms. Here we spent a delightful day lunching in the well known temple, Pharaoh's Bed, rambling through the mass of buildings of the temple of Isis, climbing the roof to peep at Biggeh, and the broken rock-strewn field called the cataract. To shoot the cataract is the greatest excitement of the trip. This we decided not to do in our dahabeah, for much time is lost in making the ascent, but in a large sail boat which gives one exactly the same sensation. Four o'clock we are ready. Jumping into the boat we move along for five minutes, then we land, and walk up a small hill, followed by a company of men and boys in nothing slightly apparel—not a good field for a tailor. Beneath we see the great rapids, a downhill prospect, a roaring, rushing, foaming mass of waters. Suddenly we hear shrill cries and below us we see naked forms of men and boys seated upright, with their legs on the logs, showing the soles of their feet and paddling through the tumultuous rapid just as boys would slide down a snow-bank, though to us it looks as if they were going to their destruction. They keep their equilibrium with their hands. One man held in his right hand a red flag which he displayed proudly to us afterwards. Not one drop of water had touched it in all that whirling spray. We endeavored to lift the logs, which were exceedingly heavy and about six to seven feet long. An Englishman, an excellent swimmer, tried to follow the example set him by the Nubians twenty-five years ago, poor fellow! His grave in the outskirts of Aswan finished the escapade. This seeming jeopardy, this situation of certain death is treated by them as play of the lightest kind and a few piastas—backsheesh—fully repays them for their apparently dangerous game. After this exhibition of skill we again step into our boat; now we are to shoot the rapids. Our ten rowers dip the oars and in a moment we are sweeping along the stiff current avoiding the boulders on either side; we go swiftly, so crowded is the hurrying water that there is a ridge down the center. All depends upon the skill of the steersman. Before we know it the nose of the boat is in the rapid which flings it up in the air; the next second we are tossed on the waves. The slightest mistake and we shall dash against the rocks ahead, where the waves strike in curling foam. It is a matter of only three or four minutes, but they are minutes of intense excitement. For a mile below this chute we have rapid going, rocks to shun, short turns to make, and quite uncertainty enough to keep us on the *qui vive*, and finally another rapid. We are an hour passing them, and shortly after arrive at Aswan, through the tortuous channel which is full of rocks and whirlpools.

The Bishareens at Aswan gave us an exhibition of the manner of fighting among them, with the long Nubian war spear and the big round shield made of hippopotamus hide. The men jumped about and uttered frightening cries, and displayed more agility than fight, the object being evidently to terrify by a threatening aspect, but the scene was decidedly picturesque. The men, women and children plaster their hair thickly with castor oil. The clothing of the grown people is scanty, while the children—boys wear nothing and the girls a fringe.

Stopping as we do at so many places, we make the acquaintance of nearly every man, woman or child, and a precious lot of friends we might have if we should have no desire to force them on the public; everybody (the natives) seems to be so thoroughly democratic, the donkey boys in particular. These boys, often men in stature and age, are the quickest-witted, most importunate, good-natured vagabonds in the world. They are jolly, always skylarking with one another; will run all day beside the donkey, and get only a piastaee of backsheesh. They talk about the driver behind or at his side, usually ceases to go forward. The trip in Egypt, one must remember, consists chiefly of donkey rides on either side of the Nile. In this way one really sees the whole land, as there are few places in Middle and Upper Egypt, and none in Nubia, where one may not from any height survey the entire face of the country from desert to desert. Nubia is carried on altogether by the shadoof and sakirja, which give forth their never-ceasing monotonous creaking as if they were heartily tired of the primitive methods used in this country. The fertility of the land is a constant wonder, though only a strip. We see the "fellaheen" working diligently up to their waists among the barley, wheat and beans. They are an industrious, hardworking people, much oppressed and kept down by taxes based upon the extent of the inundation; a tax is even laid upon each date-palm, and if it does not bear fruit that is not the fault of the government.

Cairo, Egypt. ALICE MILLIGAN.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not sign by their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

RAMJIR.—You will have to exert yourself sufficiently to write in ink, lead-pencil writing is never delineated. Your is worth a study; if you will send me a proper sample I will attend to it.

OLIDA.—Not with that writing, mademoiselle. It shows none of the divine power, and it would send an editor crazy. You are talkative, inactive, undecided, rather despondent, and very communicative.

VERONICA.—Your writing shows some ambition, honesty, very little energy, much of a desire to do well, desire for success and completeness. Your judgment, or deductive faculty, is not faulty, but you are very sensitive and anxious to be just. While you lack map and enterprise you are reliable, capable and apt to be successful; likewise you have a healthy belief in yourself.

R. HEA, Brockville.—I have another correspondent of very different calibre to this one, there fore I add address. Your writing is unformed and your orthography atrocious. If I were you I should embrace the copy book and spelling book and let the violin alone for a season. Such studies as this are not worth a delineation. This is said without impatience, my dear Rhea, but is more in regret at your lack of culture.

ARAB MAYR.—1. The lady who signs herself Kis, does not write for the *Globe*. I suppose you mean the *Mail*. If you send her your column you nicely could answer your own question. It answers itself. 2. Your writing shows great energy and persistence, adaptability, self-assertion and a tendency to contradiction. You are fond of creature comforts, a little hasty, very constant in affection, faulty in taste, but conscientious and worthy of respect.

A SPANISH GIRL.—Your idea is far from the truth, Signorina, I have not the honor to answer to your description letter just as well, or better. Your writing shows great ability, independent thought and force, persistency, generosity, energy, self-will, strong prejudice, ambition, adaptability and a buoyant bright creature generally; you should be musical, and I am sure you are loved.

LAWN TENNIS.—Lack of finish and carelessness of detail are serious faults, my dear, and you've got them both. Your writing handful, hopeful, bright and energetic, with fond of novelty and change, quite lacking in tact, and though sympathetic, still not apt to get at exactly there of. I suppose it is best labor to tell you to be deliberate and careful, you are not made that way, but you are most likable, somewhat original, and I must forgive you the haste and crudeness of your lines for the go that is in them.

FAIRA.—Another coupon questioner! I hope you read what I wrote last week concerning it, so I need you know, now what the coupon is! Your writing shows some ideality, not and rather a love for home, you cling to old ways, and prefer a quiet time to a bustle and confusion, not very discreet, far from stupid, but not markedly original, your judgment is deliberate, generally correct, but a little prejudiced and you lack that sixth sense, tact in your words and ways, though you are not brusque, only slightly cold and unsympathetic.

PATIENCE, Markdale.—This non de plume is amusingly appropriate, as I suppose without some excuse; however, my friend, you are taken exactly in your turn. You are an honest, true and simple, with queer notions on certain points, rather a pessimistic turn, and a strong sense of the old ways are best. But you are not grumbly or blue; a good deal of humor shows, as well as care, determination and self-reliance; you are tenacious, deliberate, a little stubborn sometimes but on the whole a seeker after truth and desirous to do your best.

O MERRY.—This writing shows immense imagination, adaptability and fertility of resource; the writer is energetic, hopeful, enterprising and ambitious, good-natured, with, however, direction in speech. Self-will and impulse have had an erratic dance through life, but he is neither weak nor foolish, and has decided talent and originality, would be probably a great talker, though not a confiding person, with good descriptive powers and lots of fun, sympathy and magnetism; not a mean or stingy line is in this very speaking chirography.

GREEN GAGE.—I think your answer appeared, but as several letters were lost, through no fault of mine, I will read your writing again. You are tenacious, cautious, honest and careful, lacking tact, fine perception, also hope and ambition. You are hasty sometimes, not something of a temper, but are forgiving, generous and considerate. If your hair has plenty of natural oil, it should do well. It is very fine and rather weak, so I would put a little oil in the water when you wash it. You don't say what is the matter with the hair anyway, whether it is sluggish in growth, or falling out or what? Go to Armand, corner of Yonge and Carlton streets, state the case, and he will give you what you want.

HAPGU-STAVAN.—The only thing which seems wanting is self-control, and your effort is a little uncertain. You begin well, but it flags. You are bright, sensitive, hopeful and persevering. Don't think this a contradictory delineation. You do persevere, but you lose your interest and don't keep up the pace. Better start slower and finish strongly; you are frank to indiscreetness in speech, would find it difficult to keep your own counsel, so very inclining to extreme taste though you have sympathy and rather quick perception. Do you know that of four capital "Ts" in the first four lines of your study, no two are the least alike. Are you settle down in your opinions; at present you are rather in a chaos as well as regards your ideas as the formation of your letters; time, however, works wonders.

I MY RAMBLINGS.—As you sign no name, I conclude you intend these words, in inverted commas, to stand for that article, though they belong to the last sentence of your letter. Your writing is neither beautiful nor very interesting. I don't think it is a good plan to discuss the characters of your friends, because one so often makes wrong deductions through not understanding the motives of actions. The characteristics which are shown by your chirography lead me to make this remark, with too much quietly and lack of care are plain. It is rather a weak and shaky hand, full of inertness and slovenly lines. You are very fond of your own ease. You may be amusing, but language give that quality a less imposing name. You can, I have taken up the gauntlet you throw down, and am not afraid of hurting you. But now for your good points. You are clever, observant, liberal and good-tempered, generous and rather liberal, thoughtful and appreciative. 2. As to your query about the poem, I think Lowell had such a happy experience that he was thoroughly blessed in the lot that fell to him, in his own graceful and sweet way. No doubt the subject would appear to us as you suggest. I have remarked in almost every case that the wife of a very gifted and rising man needs to cultivate recuperiveness, calm and simple. The man needs rest, utter and complete, and the more his wife resolves herself into a tranquil feather pillow, the more he loves her.

To a Critic *

For Saturday Night.

O, critic, that tendest with fostering care,
The flowers left in spring-time to wither and fade,
To breathe out their life on the dull murky air,
To blossom and droop in a wilderness where [shade.
Dank weeds had thrown o'er them their mildewing

What wonder that you o'er my garden bemoan?
What wonder if every flow'ret were dead?
No human tongue nurtured with life-giving tone;
In spring-time I wandered earth's pathway alone,
And my garden ran wild while I struggled for bread.

Oh tend ye my garden and water it well
With the sweet dews of hope, and the flowers will bloom
'Neath thy hand, springing sweetly on hill and in dell,
As some vained bard muttered a life-giving spell,
And consign ye the weeds to oblivious tomb.

Wouldst have me an angel, my critic of worth,
That no weed may spring up in my garden so fair?
Two natures were given to mortals at birth;
The flowers are of heaven; the weeds are of earth,
And while earth holds the spirit they still will be there.

Then weed in my garden, and weed it with care,
But touch not my roses, my sweet mignonette;
Each flower shall bloom on, nor with a beauty more rare,
And a perfume more sweet shall exhale on the air,
While thy fostering hand I will never forget.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE (*Caris Suna.*)

* These lines were addressed to the late J. E. Collins, who recently died in New York, by the author in reading his criticism on her work in his Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald. Miss Mountcastle was not aware at that time this writer was the critic and her verse so severely and yet suggested bright hopes for the future.

When Night Steals On.

For Saturday Night.

Slowly the daylight fades!
The purple clouds in fleecy grandeur break,
And scatter gleaming drifts across the evening sky;
While misty heavens disclose the trembling stars
And crescent moon.

Along the dewy fields the dim, gray shadows creep;
And, from the distant woods the solemn-visaged owl
Swells his gray throat, nor stills his mournful cry.
Deeper the darkness grows, and misty, shrouded forms,
Spectral in shape, and poised on moving wings,
Hail on the night their hoarse, discordant cries,
And swell the rising wind with unseen power.

An awesome hush falls on the curtained world,
Deep as the sleep that binds a weary soul;
The night bird's plaint by higher power is stilled,
And brooding night begins her darksome reign.

BERT KELLY.

Yea and Nay.

For Saturday Night.

Wasn't he a downcast lover
When she said him nay;
Little thinking that she said it
Only just to play;
Only just to prove his passion
In a whimsy, way ward fashion,
All a woman's way!

Cruel maiden! Downcast lover!
Ne'er I think he could you discover
Two such fools as they!

Wasn't he a happy lover,
When the post one day
Brought him a reproachful letter,
Chiding his delay.

Faith! he showed small hesitation
To confirm the affirmation
That annulled the nay.

Contrite maiden! Happy lover!
Ne'er I think could you discover,
Two so wise as they!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Experimenta Docet.

For Saturday Night.

Long ago, among the roses
Dancing like a stray sunbeam,
Came a butterfly, down-fitting,
Frail and fair as angel's dream,
Like the new-born soul it symbolled,
Golden-hued and winged with light.
And, I grasped it, crushed it, killed it,
All unwitting of my might.
Then I wept, to see it lifeless,
Wept, till noon day fell to night.

Yesterday, when years had crowned me,
Came a butterfly as fair,
And the noon hung golden round me,
And a voice was in the air
Whispering words that stole my senses,
While my rebel blood leaped higher
And I reached to clutch and hold thee,
Wisch, who set my heart afire!
But a memory cold came o'er me
Chilling all my mad desire.

Once again I stood in sorrow,
Weeping o'er a frail fair thing,
Crushed and marred and dull and lifeless
Never more to flutter wing.
And I spurned thee! sweet deceiver!
Butterfly of later days,
Turned me from thy whispers,
Scorned thy kisses, hushed thy praise.
Saved! by that far glimpse of childhood
From the error of my ways!

LAUNCELOT.

Carnations

For Saturday Night.

The perfume seems, to soft and fest,
In its their lacy petals dwelling;
It almost dies and then doth rise,
Again the strange, sweet music telling.
Blow breezes! in his hair that have been sighing,
Blow on my flowers for they are dying, dying!

The spicy smell again doth wake,
Up from their pearly petals flinging,
And far away, my love doth say,
My name; I hear its echo singing,
Blow breezes! from the hidden distance sighing,
Blow on my bosom ere ye would be flying!

O love! 'tis flown, the far, sweet tone
Of echo, with your breath, ye rest calling;
The night-breezes die, no perfumes rise,
The fair young moon is falling, falling.
Blow breezes, perfumes! that would be flying!
Blow once again to tell of love undying!

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

Evening Longings.

For Saturday Night.

When I sit at even', musing
By the fire's ghostly light,
Calmness descends on my soul, and rising
To support me thro' the night.

Longings strange and wild and weary,
Dreams of love all mar'd by pain,
Spectres grim, and pains and dreary
Haunt my hot and throbbing brain.

Silent and mute, o'er me stealing,
Wakes the ghosts of buried years;
Spectral lights burn dim, revealing
Olden gifts and future fears.

Spirits tap me on the shoulder,
Beckon me to turn around,
And come smiling, crowing bolder,
See! corpses on the ground.

Then I long for nobler stations,
Long for love I may not own,
Long for things not in man's nations—
Long for things no man has known.

Oh! know not whence these feelings
That o'ewhelm my weary soul,
Tis as tho' a lark's deep pealings
Thro' my inmost spirit stole!

JAS. A. TUCKER.

Between You and Me.

LAST Sunday afternoon saw an unusual sight for a quiet city like Toronto. The streets were thronged with people from half-past two o'clock until dusk, and numberless carriages full of dainty dames and interested men rolled back and forth on King street west. What were they doing? "Waiting for the Kilties," as one small boy explained to an amazed arrival, who, strolling peacefully up from the station by way of Simcoe street came full against the surging throng which had raced down Queen street avenue from the Park on a short cut so soon as the brave "Kilties" had started from the guns to parade down Yonge street. In the rude gusts of dust-heavy wind they stood about for more than an hour, a patient crowd. When the Kilties did appear, about one in ten of the crowd caught a glimpse of them, so densely were they packed in. "Don't crowd them," said a decent Scotch body, with her Bible wrapped in her handkerchief. "Oh, yes, get 'em close together and keep 'em warm,' retorted an unutterable small boy, from the leafless tree in which he was perched. It was a difficult matter to mount the steps of the kirk, so many were the flower-crowned bonnets and hats on every side. The "finest" cleared the way, with scant ceremony, and the Kilties, the pipers, the Grenadier and Queen's Own bands were, after long struggling, safely shut in out of sight. Then the fun began! It was quite a study to watch a stalwart policeman, with one arm encircling a frightened woman, and dragging her into safety, and popping her through the scarce open door, while, with the other he pommeled right and left at the men and boys who were trying to crush past him. Down they went, and the wary cop had time to haul up three or four more females. I thought of Horatius and his friends who stood on either side and kept the bridge, as I watched from a cosy window *vis-a-vis*, those six bobbles stemming that tide of determined humanity. One man with a chocolate-colored overcoat reached the highest step five separate times, only to be met by a great battering-ram of a fist, which sent him stumbling down again. As I turned away from the scene of very unsabbatical tumult, I saw him starting once more to fight his way up, and I was amused to hear from a friend that this time he succeeded. A kodak fiend got some very funny snap shots at the crowd and some rather muddled views of the Kilties.

* * *

"What did you go for?" inquired a friend, to whom I remarked that I couldn't understand why such a crowd assembled. "Because," I told her, "I love a crowd, when I am safely ensconced twelve feet or more above it, in a cosy chair, and with someone to look over it with me and note its many-sidedness. One learns the temper of one's fellow-citizens in a crowd; one sees the lawlessness or the order, the chivalry or the brutality, and I am glad to think that the order and the chivalry are strong in a Toronto crowd. Of course, it was Sunday, and the day, thank heaven, is not just as other days to us Toronto folk; a quieting and soothing sacredness yet broods over it; the shadow of the auld kirk fell on the seething crowd, and they were still, if somewhat stifling. The battering-ram bobbles knocked them about calmly and good-naturedly, and they "tuk their palks," as the Scotch say, docilely. It was not just like any other crowd I ever saw in Toronto. There have been sad crowds, like those at the military funerals of our boys who died in the North-West, or that I saw the first day I came to Toronto over eight years ago, when the Humber victims had their solemn united burial. And there have been crazy, eager, happy, heartful crowds, such as overflowed the streets the day our volunteers came home, cheering, laughing, sobbing and altogether welcoming crowds, such as Toronto seldom sees, for we are an undemonstrative and circumspect nation. How strong the respectful idea of Sunday is in the minds of us, was shown by the perfect silence which greeted the passing of the handsome Kilties. "You'll no shout—'tis the Sawbath," ordered one parent, as the "weeuns" rushed home, banged down their Sunday school books and bolted for the corner of King and Simcoe streets, and they didn't!

* * *

Uniforms are not always so attractive to the spectator nor to the persons who wear them. I wonder how many of my readers have seen the marvelously hideous garbs which are the last straw on the back of the poor in some parts of England; the "Red Maids" of Bristol in scarlet shawls and poke bonnets, the ugly blue-coat boys in their bare headed guyish clothes, the little boys and girls from the charity in Liverpool, with their grandfather and grandmother suits. I am glad that the Islington people are allowing their old pauper men and women to doff the gray and black shawl, the big brass buttons and the Pickwick hat and poke bonnet. Poor old creatures, it will make them more content, but I am afraid it will make them ill to lose a chance of grumbling.

* * *

A letter has come to me from the States, which I have had a good laugh over, and I am going to make you a few quotations: "I think," says my correspondent, "that simple philanthropy, or justice to man, demands this one thing, that we afford him an opportunity to utter the blushing 'yes,' or deprecating 'no,' at least once in four years. We are thus not only getting 'women's rights,' but 'men's rights,' also. Now I have been thinking quite seriously of offering my 6½ hand and 6 feet square heart to some modest and appreciative young man who would realize the peculiar advantages of the situation. But one thing perplexes me. Ought we to ask any bland papa for his son, unless we are willing, and really intend to support that son? The question is embarrassing, for although I think men are very sweet and nice, and I do love them awfully, yet I never in my life have seen one whom I would be willing to support. No, the man I marry must do that for me. I read the other day that twenty-seven thousand women in New York support their husbands. Appalling is it not? It seems like the upheaval of all the social elements. The women in such cases ought to put Esq. to their names. It is very hard to classify the members of society now. A few years ago, we could say 'men, women and dudes.' Now it would puzzle the shrewdest mind. I notice one thing particularly and it certainly is productive of melancholy reflections. Nearly all the young married women I know are taller than their husbands. What can be the reason? Believers in evolution declare that the giraffe owes its present most striking peculiarity to the habits of its remote ancestors, they having stretched their necks through long ages to reach the leaves above them, until continual stretching produced the result we now wonder at and admire. And perhaps women have obtained their present amazing altitude from their mothers and grandmothers having uplifted their heads and extended their arms so constantly in belligerent prayers for their rights, their rights, their rights! But to return to the long-year privileges. Supposing a young man should be so much overcome that faintness results? How in the world could you manage to catch him, or how could you hold him even if caught? Another thing. If he should blush a sweet acceptance, he would then expect you to steal your arm around his delicate waist and imprint a kiss upon his modest lips. Do you think you could screw your courage to the sticking-place? Supposing he were very large and you very small. Can you imagine the tableau?" This and much more does my bright western correspondent say. Isn't she an original genius?

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Baron Hirsch has ordered the sale of his estate of St. Johann and all his property in Austria-Hungary on account of his treatment by the Vienna Jockey Club.

It was in the library of the Abbe Bossuet, who recently died in Paris at the age of ninety-two, that Victor Hugo is said to have collected the material for his Hunchback of Notre Dame.

Andrew Carnegie says that the first and most important lesson he learned in the art of money getting was that "it isn't the man who does the work who makes the money; it's the man who gets other men to do it."

A French inventor has attached a tiny incandescent lamp to an ordinary pencil, for use by reporters and others having to take notes at night. The battery is carried in the pocket, the wires passing down the sleeve.

Mrs. Ruth Thompson, daughter of John Brown of Ossawatomie, is in greatly reduced circumstances at her home in California, and one of her friends is trying to assist her by selling some of her father's autograph letters.

An interesting feature of the World's Fair will be a co-operative exhibit by the Women's Exchanges from all over the country. The San Francisco exchange will send an exhibit of glace fruits, salted almonds and delicacies for the sick.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was born at Johnston Center, Wisconsin; Will Carleton claims Hudson, Michigan, as his birthplace; Mark Twain comes from Florida, Missouri; and Frances Courtenay Baylor was born in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

John Marchant Mundy, who has recently completed a colossal statue of Washington, is practically blind, but by the aid of a peculiar opera glass he can, in a strong light, distinguish outlines of figures, and is obliged to do all his modeling by the sense of touch.

The widow of General Custer is not only a beautiful woman but a fascinating talker also. She is frequently reported as giving lectures in various parts of the country, and her description of Buffaloes and Buffalo Hunting, lasting for two full hours, is said to be delightfully graphic.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards was one of the most remarkable women of the century. The tidings of her death on April 16th saddened many hearts in America, where, both as novelist and as archeologist and explorer, Miss Edwards has had a host of enthusiastic readers and admirers.

Miss Mary Day of London has been successful in her experiment of taking deaf and dumb girls as pupils in typewriting. Miss Day is one of the longest established woman typewriters in England. As so much typewriting is transcribed from manuscript the girls' affliction is no drawback.

The news of the death of Lady Frankland, the young wife of Sir F. Frankland, has occasioned much sympathy. Lady Frankland, who was an American—a Miss di Zerega of New York—was married only a little more than a year ago, and during her short sojourn in England she had made many friends.

The wife of Dean Liddell of Christ Church College, Oxford, was a remarkably beautiful woman, as the dean was a remarkably handsome man, and their children inherited charming manners and personal beauty. It was for their daughter Alice, who died in her youth, that Alice in Wonderland was written.

Mrs. President Harrison and the Princess Louise are the only women who have ever been permitted to enter the cloisters of the monastery of Santa Barbara, it is said. When they had left the sacred precincts, the ground trodden by their feet was reconsecrated with solemn ceremonies and much fasting and prayer.

A reception at the mansion of the celebrated painter, Munkacsy, in Paris, recently, was suddenly interrupted by the reception of a letter stating that the anarchists were about to blow up the house. Several ladies fainted, and even the men began to look pale. But, at last, the master of the mansion restored order. Nothing happened, and no one knows where the letter came from.

Sesame and The Lilies, the curious title which Mr. Ruskin gives to a volume containing two lectures, is explained, for the benefit of many curious inquirers, to refer to the union of use and beauty. The first lecture, Of Kings' Treasures, being intended for men, therefore called Sesame, an herbaceous plant used for food and medicine; while the second lecture, Of Queens' Gardens, is intended for women and called Lilies.

A Tale of a Cross.

A Story of the Destruction of the Jesuit Mission Amongst the Hurons.

OFTEN as I gaze on the crumbling ruins of old Fort St. Ignace I ask myself why it is that the true story of the fate of the Huron Mission of 1649 has never yet been written. Conscious that this is the case, I humbly take up my pen to chronicle the events that have transpired within those same old walls.

The forts to which I allude were built about two hundred and fifty years ago, in what is now Simcoe county. The builders were the Jesuit Fathers, who left their good homes in Europe to labor among the fierce tribes of this country. About the year 1647 the mission was at the height of its prosperity. The principal station was at St. Marie, on a little river, now called the Wye, that falls into Matchedash Bay. There the kind fathers dispensed a bountiful hospitality; there scattered parties of the Algonquins of the Ottawa region fled for shelter from their enemies, the Iroquois. The priests of the neighboring missions—St. Louis, St. Ignace, St. Jean, St. Joseph and St. Michael—met often at Fort St. Marie for grave consultation. The country had grown peaceful, yet the fathers viewed with alarm the apathy of their allies, who lived, careless and supine, although the welfare of their nation depended on their constant vigilance. However, the Hurons, or "the noblemen," as the French called them, relied on a treaty recently framed between them and their bitter enemies, the Iroquois. Their faith in this treaty caused with other events their ultimate downfall.

Their enemies, the Iroquois, had, in long years gone by, been united with them; but, owing to quarrels between the tribes, they separated from the mother tribe, and traveling to what is now New York State they became established as the life-long foes of their kin, the Hurons. When the French arrived in Canada they found the Iroquois were not to be despised, but owing to a great error of judgment on the part of Champlain they had made themselves the enmity of the savage Iroquois. The French at length, seeing that treaties could not bind these savages, allied themselves to the Huron Indians. The Iroquois, in their turn, entered into close alliance with the English on the Atlantic seaboard. Hence war was not uncommon in the early days of this country.

The Huron tribe, owing to the efforts of the Jesuit Fathers, soon became to a great degree civilized, and turning their attention to agriculture they soon became skilled in tilling the soil. Their storehouses each autumn were filled with the richest treasures of the garden and the field. They were on the whole a race of robust men, often of tall stature and sometimes of majestic proportions. Their carriage was easy and graceful. They had sound constitutions and were free from many of the diseases attending civilization. Thus the Hurons were eager to be converted, and they were faithful to the last to those who befriended them. They all, therefore, loved the good fathers who labored so faithfully among them, but they adored Marie—the heroine of this story.

Marie was a French orphan girl whose parents had both been murdered by a band of Iroquois. At length tidings reached Quebec that the little girl, lately blessed with kind parents, was an orphan. Father Brebeauf, then on a visit to Quebec, received her as his ward, and when he journeyed back to his home in the Huron county, Marie accompanied him. Marie soon grew to love her kind protector, and under his patient instructions she became skilled in all the accomplishments necessary to every lady. By her pious acts among her associates, the Hurons, she won for herself the good will of the whole tribe.

One evening as the glorious sun was setting behind the forests, Marie left the fort to enjoy the cool air of the June evening. She journeyed to a stately grove of balsams, and, walking up and down the beaten path by the river's edge, she sang a sweet love song in her native tongue, the French. Soon she ceased, as she heard the monotonous notes of a chickahou (a gourd filled with pebbles), sound on the tranquil air. She retraced her steps, but, owing to her haste she slipped and fell forward into the swiftly flowing river. When Marie regained her senses, she found Father Brebeauf by her side in the old Fort St. Ignace. The priest stated that she owed her life to a stranger—an Italian who had lately arrived in the country. Brebeauf then said that he would introduce her deliverer, and withdrawing from the room he soon returned to Marie with the stranger. The French girl briefly thanked him, and the priest pressed him to stay with them for some time. Manfred Gonzago, for such was the Italian's name, thanked Brebeauf for his kindness, and in accepting the invitation he said, "Good friends, when I turn from your door I go forth into the world alone, for, although of a high Italian family I am far from sunny Italy." He then retired to rest.

Marie and Manfred, as the days went by, grew more intimate, and as they were both possessed of many accomplishments this intimacy soon grew, on his part at least, into a passionate affection. But his overtures were coolly received by Marie, for although she loved Manfred with a deep, silent love, yet she did not betray her weakness to him. Marie would soon return to France, where she had rich relatives, take her vows and become a nun. This was her intention and she had taken an oath never to disrespect her vows. Thus was it that Manfred's love soon grew cold for Marie. She observed a change in him; no songs did he sing, no compliments did he now pay the fair Marie. At length Manfred plucked up courage and asked that old, old question, which is always to be answered by the word "Yes" or "No." Marie with seeming indifference dismissed him with a smile. Manfred then went to her guardian, Brebeauf, and bade him farewell. He told the priest he could no longer linger where his presence was odious. The priest bade him good-bye, and reminded Manfred that we owe a duty to God as well as to ourselves. Their late guest then departed to continue his travels.

* * * * * *

In the Iroquois country all is preparation, for the warriors have agreed to go forth on an expedition to the Huron country. They had given up all thoughts of such an undertaking for some time to come, but their intentions were soon changed by a late arrival in their cantons. That arrival was Manfred, the Italian, who came hoping, by means of the Iroquois, to gain his revenge on his late entertainers. Marie, he knew, would soon leave for France, hence he made haste in his base designs. He addressed an assembly of the chiefs; told them that in his travels he had penetrated into the Huron country, and had been much honored by the Hurons, who rested in perfect security as a result of a late treaty between themselves and the Iroquois. His oratory was studied and elaborate; his language was vigorous and at the same time highly imaginative; all ideas were expressed by figures addressed to the senses. The sun and stars, mountains and rivers, lakes and forests, hatchets of war and pipes of peace were employed as illustrations of his subject, with almost Oriental art and richness. His eloquence was unassisted by action or varied by intonation; yet his earnestness excited the sympathy of his audience, and his persuasion sank deep into their hearts. Thus did Manfred excite the fiends to war. War followed as a result, and the remainder of this story is truly sad to relate. The Huron warriors, aroused from their apathy, resolved also to go on an expedition. They did so, and met with success, but their joy was dampened when they found, on their return, their village destroyed and their wives and children massacred. Thus was the mission of St. Joseph extirpated.

The Iroquois, during the autumn and winter, lurked in the woods. On a dark morning in March, 1649, the village of St. Ignace was surprised, and its sleeping warriors murdered. Then, in the gray dawn they stole upon St. Louis and, bursting through the palisades, they slaughtered the people. Here Manfred displayed much tact, and, as a result, won the highest esteem of the warriors. Here he found Fathers Brebeauf and Lallemant, and, reserving them for future tortures, he sent them forward with an advance party. The flames of St. Louis warned the people in St. Marie of some dire calamity. Marie was in this fort, and she reasoned with its Huron defenders, advising them to fight till the end. Accordingly, a party of Hurons threw themselves before the advancing tide of victorious warriors, and all day long the battle raged. Fort Marie was captured, and the good Fathers Brebeauf and Lallemant were bound to the stake. The fiends tore the nails from the fingers of Brebeauf, they hacked his body with knives, hung red hot hatchets about his neck, seared his gums, and finally cut his heart out, yet no word or sign of pain was uttered during the four hours of torture. Lallemant, so frail and delicate, was tortured for seventeen hours till at length death gave him a happy release.

The destruction of all their chief stations among the Huron nation compelled the priests to abandon their mission. An attempt was made to establish St. Marie, on the Isle of St. Joseph, in Matchedash Bay, but the adventurers were driven from it by famine, and the Iroquois to seek security by the banks of the St. Lawrence. The mission was established at Sorel, in Quebec. Complete desolation reigned in the Huron country, and the remnant of the people found shelter and became incorporated with the tribes dwelling by the lakes Erie, Michigan and Superior.

Marie escaped among others, but being closely pursued by parties of the Iroquois and suffering untold privations, she at length died on the shore of Lake Vertanzi, now Lake Simcoe. Her loved found her body a few days later, and seeing the dire consequence of his acts he became insane. After leading the warriors home again he crossed the ocean to assert his rights in sunny Italy. But his appearance and his strange actions won for him but a cold reception from his stately relatives. They declined to acknowledge his rights. Manfred crossed the broad Atlantic again, and traveling to the Iroquois country he bade farewell to the chiefs. This done he journeyed to Marie's grave, erected a rough stone cross and cut inscribed on it by some means the word "Marie." He commenced another word, but growing weary he quit the work and carefully arranged the grave of the French girl. This done he fell unconscious over her grave, where he remained until death released him from his sufferings.

Many years ago the early settlers by the shores of Lake Simcoe wondered much at the sight of a weather-beaten cross erected over a solitary grave. They concluded that it was the resting place of some person of rank who had perished in the wilderness long ago. The cross stood in its old position for many years, till some worldly pioneer desecrated the sacred spot by removing the cross, and with his rough ploughshare obliterating all traces of the lonely grave. The gray ruins of some of these old forts still stand to attest the story of the fate of the Huron Mission, and, as I gaze on them and consider life in this country two centuries ago, I cannot forbear quoting in conclusion the familiar lines of the American poet, Bryant:

Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn.

Cannington. WM. A. LAUGHLIN.

Dunkel's Will.

Dunkel (to lawyer who is making out his will)—I vont do leaf each clerk ten dousand dollars dot haf peen in my embloy twenty years.
Lawyer—Why, that's too liberal, Mr. Dunkel.
Dunkel—Ah, dot's it. None of tem haf peen mit me ofer von year, und it makes a good free advertisements for my poys ven I'm dead, ain'd it?—*Judge.*

'Varsity Chat.

BY fits and starts our young graduates are taking their places in the active affairs of life. Last week Mr. Thomas Milton Higgins, B. A., of '88, ceased to be a bachelor. Mr. F. C. Cooke, B. A., '89, has been appointed a lieutenant in the Peel Battalion. These gentlemen seem to have changed their ideas of life since leaving the university, for while they were students they contended that the ideal existence of this life was that enjoyed by civilian bachelors free from family cares or the burdens of the battle field. It is hard to fight against custom, nature and hereditary tendency, however, and we may expect others to soon follow the example set by Mr. Higgins and Lieut. Cooke.

*

On the lines pointed out in this chat some time since, an Alumni Association of the arts men and women who attended University College has been formed. As illustrating the provincial nature of the association, the following may be mentioned as among those by whom it is supported: Sir Daniel Wilson, Rev. G. Burnfield, Prof. Baker, Prof. Hume, Major Manley, Mr. J. E. Hodgson, High School Inspector, Mr. John Henderson of St. Catharines, Mr. N. Quance of St. Thomas, Mr. W. J. Robertson of St. Catharines, Dr. A. B. McCallum, Mr. L. R. Embree, Mr. H. I. Strang of Goderich, Miss H. Charles of Goderich, Mr. W. H. Ballard of Hamilton, Mr. Gordon Waldron, Mr. A. W. Burt of Brockville, Mr. A. H. Young of Trinity College, Mr. G. D. Wilson of Glencoe, Mr. M. M. Fenwick of Bowmanville, Miss E. Balmer, Miss May Bald of Brantford. The association, as formed, elected the following officers for the current year: President, Prof. James Loudon vice-presidents, Chancellor Boyd, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Mr. W. Fitzgerald of Ottawa; secretary, Mr. W. Dale of University College; councillors, Mr. John Henderson of St. Catharines, Prof. Galbraith of School of Science, Mr. J. M. Hunter of Barrie, Prof. Hume, Mr. J. Squair of University, Mr. W. H. Ballard of Hamilton, Mr. J. M. Clark of Toronto, Mr. W. H. VanderSmissen of University. It will comprise such graduates in arts of the University of Toronto as have received their degrees prior to or during 1892, subsequent graduates in arts who have attended lectures in University College and other graduates in arts who may be nominated by the executive committee and accepted by the association. The object of the association is the maintenance of the arts department in that efficiency which the lovers of education for the education itself, consider it worthy.

*

The scholarship of one hundred and fifty pounds set apart by the commissioners of the 1851 exhibition for competition to honor candidates in the departments of physics and chemistry and mineralogy, has been awarded for the first time to Mr. F. J. Smale, one of our men. The scholarship is tenable for three years and Mr. Smale will study in Germany for that period of time. The scholarship was open to all the British colonies.

JUNIOR.

Male Vanity.

It was at a ball and the subject under discussion was vanity. A lady maintained that men were also given somewhat to vanity.

"The men are ten times more vain than the ladies," she remarked.

"That's utterly impossible," said several gentlemen.

The subject was changed, and a few minutes later the lady remarked:

"The handsomest man in the room has a spot on his white vest," whereupon every gentleman within hearing glanced down with a scared expression of countenance at his vest.

He Knew What Was Wanted.

"Unreciprocated affection," remarked Winebiddle to the bar-keeper.

And the man of drinks straightway gave him sour mash. He had not lived in Boston five years for nothing.

Reason in Everything.

Customer (in barber's chair)—Why do you barbers always stuff a towel around a man's neck until it almost chokes him?

Barber—That's to press out the arteries, so the cuts won't bleed so much.

CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

Lord Hardstock was not grateful for the tact with which his host had left him *tete a tete* with his wife a love. On the contrary, he felt awkward and embarrassed, and wholly at a loss for words. Emily lay back among her cushions white and still, and for full ten minutes after the doctor's step might be heard overhead, silence reigned unbroken.

At last Lord Hardstock spoke in quick, jerky tones which marked his extreme uneasiness.

"A pretty business this," he said testily, "a nice disgraceful thing to have my name mixed up with, upon my word."

Emily made no response.

"I shall not say what I think about it now," continued his lordship, "but when you are yourself again and in a fit condition to listen to a little plain talk there will be a terrible reckoning between us."

"Stop!" Emily lifted her hand imperiously. "You have forfeited all right to call me to account. Neither now nor at any other time will I humble myself to listen to you. You broke the last tie between us when you left me for another woman."

Her eyes were ablaze and she was quivering with passion. When he would have laid his hand soothingly upon hers she flung it contemptuously aside. What would have irritated most men, curiously enough, attracted Lord Hardstock. He liked a woman to have a spice of the devil in her, and Emily was magnificent in her rage and contempt.

Well, he would make amends. The girl had her good points. She suited him, her nature was akin to his own, he admired her, and he became conscious that she was necessary to his comfort. He did not want to lose her. It would be pleasant to bury the hatchet and be at peace.

"Come, now," he said cajolingly, "I will confess that that little romance as to an elopement with Mrs. Armitage was all moonshine. You had yourself to thank for it. I was sick to death of your jealousy and reproaches."

The girl's large eyes rested upon him with an expression which it was difficult to read.

"It was a lie," she said slowly and with an evident effort. "And you would have me believe now that it was told to punish me. I should like to know your real motive."

He laughed. "Come, be good, let us be friends; you always were a little spitfire, Emily, but I don't think you could bear me malice for long, eh!"

"Tell me the truth," she said, rising as she spoke. "Why did you lie to me? She came to him and put a hand on either shoulder, bending down to look into his eyes. "Speak."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, my girl. We have had enough scenes for one day."

He began to see that it would not be an easy matter to pacify her. Confound that doctor! Why in the world had he left them alone?

"I am waiting for your answer."

"I tell you it was you yourself who drove me to it with your eternal fault-finding. I have not treated you well, Emily; I acknowledge it, but we will let bygones be bygones."

"And your promise!" said she, beneath her breath. "What of your promise to make me your wife?" With a swift caressing movement she laid her head upon his arm. "Rupert, do you forget how happy we have been together—you and I? My best! I fling at your feet all a woman has to give! gave you in blindest faith and love." Her slender fingers gripped him tightly, and he could feel she quivered beneath of her heart. "I trusted to your word. Must it fall me now?"

It was a terrible price to pay, but the girl was so beautiful that for a moment he wavered. Since Constance Armitage had shut her doors upon him and would have none of his love he might do worse than reward this faithful creature who would be his willing slave to the last hour of her life.

Purely from a selfish conviction that it would be to his own advantage and from a sense thought of the cruel wrong he had done her, of the irreparable injury which nothing could ever blot out, nor for the desire to make amends, he pleaded her closely to him. Well, since it must be. Marriage with Emily Baillie would impose no great restriction upon his actions.

"I will keep my word," he replied and looked to see the love-light sparkle in her eye, but Emily drew herself apart, and she had grown white as a Lenten lily.

"You ask me to be your wife, Lord Hardstock!"

"I say I will marry you, Emily."

He felt that there was a very wide distinction between the phrases, although what they conveyed was the same.

"And I refuse the honor."

"What!" Lord Hardstock really thought that she must have taken leave of her senses. The sudden joy had been too much for her, but he was speedily undeceived.

"I loved you once—but now, I hate and loathe you, and despise myself that ever I yielded to you. My eyes are opened, and I know you as you are."

"What do you mean? Are you insane?"

"No. On the contrary, I am cured of the miserable folly that has made shipwreck of the best years of my life. I decline your offer, Lord Hardstock."

With an oath he turned towards the door. At that moment he could have felled her to the earth. That she should have dared to fool him, to laugh at him, to throw his magnanimity in his teeth!

"You are not going, Lord Hardstock!" It was the doctor's voice.

"Yes, sir, I am," stuttered his lordship. "As a man of honor I have acted as you entreated me to do, but Miss Baillie—he could say no more, but stumbled out into the hall, and a moment later the door shut with a bang.

Then these two looked into one another's faces.

"Vivian," said she softly, "you wished Lord Hardstock to make me his wife!"

"If it was your wish, Emily, why did you refuse him!"

For all answer the girl flung her hands before her face.

"I am not worthy," she murmured humbly. But it was not of Lord Hardstock she was thinking. And then the tears came, raining down her pale cheeks, and she held out her arms to him with a pathetic little cry.

"Teach me to be good, help me to be good. Make me what I ought to be."

"Emily, it is not possible."

She looked up at him, their eyes met, and the next moment she was sobbing on his bosom.

Vivian Dale had gained his heart's desire.

* * * * * *

Five long weary months had dragged themselves away. Christmas had come and gone and a New Year dawned.

Constance Armitage devoted her life to her little daughter. She had never filled Miss Baillie's place. Eva was the sole thing left for her to love and to cling to. In some surprise she saw the notice of Dr. Dale's marriage in the *Morning Post*. She knew that he had left Kensington, but she did not know where he had gone and felt too apathetic to enquire. What the doctor had been unwilling to yield to Janet's pleadings he gladly conceded to his wife. Emily declared that there were so many painful memories connected with the neighborhood that she could not be happy there and without a moment's hesitation he agreed that they should leave. This was another thorn in Janet's side. There was no open warfare between these two, but a veiled animosity which became so apparent at last to the doctor, that he told his sister in so many words that it would be better for them all if she were to make her home apart.

"I know what it would be," cried Janet stormily. "I was sure that your wife would never rest until she had turned me out of your house."

"You are unjust," replied her brother, "as you have always been where Emily was concerned. She has never broached the subject to me, but your manner to her is so hostile that you cannot be surprised I should resent it."

"I know, I sadly fear you have made a great mistake," groaned Janet, and to do her justice she did honestly believe that Emily was not the wife her brother should have chosen.

"If so," and the doctor smiled serenely, for he had no misgiving on the subject—"if so, I am sure you will have no pity for me, Janet."

"Areas! I am your sister," she answered indignantly, "and have some natural affection for you, whatever you may have for me."

"We will not quarrel, but I think for the happiness of us all it would be advisable for you to choose another home."

And this is what Janet did. To her intimate friends she hinted that it had been her own proposition to leave her brother. "Married people get on better alone," said she, and she never forgave Emily and lost no opportunity of casting a stone at her. But Emily was either too happy or too absolutely indifferent to bandy words with her.

As the months rolled by she had but one thought and aim in life—Vivian's comfort and Vivian's well-being.

It may briefly here be stated that Janet's prognostications were never verified, nor did Dr. Dale ever regret the step he had taken.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Early in the new year came the welcome news that Daphne had a little son. Gerald wrote with a heart brimming over with happiness, urging that Constance should come over to Paris and judge for herself what a remarkable specimen of babydom the baby heir was.

"The nurse is a perfect tyrant," he added, "and will hardly allow me a glimpse of Daphne. She declares that I am more trouble to manage than the boy is—come and take my place."

And Constance went. She shut up the house in Kensington and sent Eva to her aunt.

Could she good to look at Mrs. Armitage's face, for it was one broad beam of satisfaction, and there was something in the young mother's eyes as she looked up from the fluffy head on her arm that told of rest and peace.

"Oh! It was not for nothing then." But poor Constance sighed wistfully, for it was at a terrible price to herself that she had purchased happiness for her brother-in-law.

Now it must not be supposed that Daphne's whole nature could change in a moment of time—the process was very gradual. The wilful spirit often showed itself, and the natural obstinacy that was so sensible a part of her character would now and again come to the fore, but the terrible lesson she had had would never be forgotten, and with every year as it passed she would grow stadder and more to be relied upon. And above and beyond all else the girl was slowly realizing that she loved her husband, loved and honored him, and now that the little one had come to her there was yet another link to bind husband and wife together.

"It isn't very pretty, I am afraid," she whispered, half apologetically, as she drew the coverlet aside and displayed a little wrinkled, red face to Constance's gaze, "but nurse says they always look like that, so I must be contented, I suppose. He'll grow nicer by and by," she added with a little reassuring smile.

"I think he is a fine little fellow, dear. I am sure you ought to be very proud of him."

Daphne made a rapid recovery, and was soon able to leave her room, and then, just as she was beginning to think of home and England, Constance fell ill herself. Cold, she said it was, for she was feverish and her limbs ached, but she would not have a doctor.

"I shall be all right in a day or two." That a week went by and she was still ailing, and at last she took to her bed and lay there, too weak to leave it, and then Daphne took the law into her own hands and sent for a medical man. There was nothing much amiss, he said. Madame had lost strength, and wanted a tonic. He wrote a prescription and he paid a daily visit, but Constance grew no better. "I must not lie there any longer, she must dress and go into the *salon*, she needed rousing, said Dr. Pierre, and at his bidding Constance crept from her bed, very shaky and feeling as if she had had a long illness, and lay on the sofa in Daphne's pretty drawing-room. A week went by and Constance began to mend, but she was in no state yet to travel, and Daphne wrote to Mrs. Strangways and told her that it was out of the question that Mrs. Armitage could return for another couple of weeks.

The baby throve amazingly and Daphne was the proudest, happiest little mother one could conceive.

Dr. Pierre became interested in his patient. The case puzzled him. There was nothing radically wrong with Mrs. Armitage, no organic trouble, and her temperature was normal. At the same time there was such an utter failure of energy and vitality that he was puzzled, and more anxious than he cared to acknowledge.

"Has she had any great shock, or is she fretting over anything?" he asked of Daphne, and in perfect good faith she replied that she was quite sure that there was nothing of the sort.

Daphne had been for a short drive with her husband, and came home radiant and quite excited.

"Whom do you suppose I have seen!" cried she. "You would never guess, and yet he is an old friend of yours. Mr. Sir. Quentin. He is looking old and ill. I leaned forward to try and catch his eye, but he did not see me."

Constance was silent. Her heart was throbbing so fast she felt suffocated but she gave no outward sign.

"I must go back to London," she told herself that same night. "It is not safe for me to stop here any longer. I think it would kill me to see him now."

Two days later, as Daphne stepped from her carriage at the door of the Magasin du Louvre, a gentleman drew back to let her pass. Daphne looked up and the next instant had stretched out her hand gladly.

"Mr. Sir. Quentin! Then it was you. I knew it was, although Gerald would have it that I was mistaken. When did you come back, and why did you go away?"

He smiled. The new Daphne was very like the old impulsive Daphne still.

"You are alone?" glancing at the empty carriage.

"Yes. O, Mr. St. Quentin, I should like to tell you, only it would take too long. Come and see us. Constance is staying with me. She—"

"Lady Hardstock!"

Daphne looked perplexed. "No," she said simply. "Constance is Mrs. Armitage still. I do not think she will ever marry."

"She is not his wife!" he asked, in so much agitation that she could not but notice it. "She must. She ought to be."

"Why?" Then again a mystery here and the little lady was bent on getting to the bottom of it.

"I was told—there was a rumor—that she—had left her home under his protection."

The words had a hideous sound. Daphne caught her breath sharply. "Who could have said such an iniquitous thing? Lord Hardstock did, it is true, come with her as far as Folkestone—I remember now that she said so—but I am prone that he went no further, for it was I who summoned her, Mr. St. Quentin. It was to me she hurried. I was in terrible trouble, I can never explain how or why, but I had been guilty of a grave error and but for Constance I might have made shipwreck of my life."

"Is this true!"

"I say word of it. Mr. St. Quentin, I can't stand here talking. I am not very strong," she blushed brightly. "If you will come and see us I will show you the most wonderful baby you ever saw, all my own. I wasn't a bit fond of him at first, but I am now. I think he is beautiful. Will you come!"

St. Quentin declared that nothing would give him so much pleasure as to renew his old acquaintance with his old friends, and a minute later Daphne had disappeared in the Magasin and he was left on the pavement looking after her.

Then he wheeled round and bent his steps in the direction of the Armitages. What a hurry he was in to see that wonderful baby to be sure! He laughed softly to himself. He was at once admitted. Madame Armitage was in the *salon*.

He pushed aside the portiere and went in. In a big easy chair which almost swallowed her up, so fragile and thin was she now, sat Constance, her hands folded idly in her lap.

She was wearing a loose white tea gown, which made her look still more delicate and ethereal, and her soft hair was gathered in a big knot in the nape of her neck. All this he had time to note, for she made no movement, her head thrown back against the dark cushions and the blue-veined eyelids drooping heavily.

"Constance."

He crossed the room quickly to her side. She did not faint nor scream, nor utter so much as a sound—you see she has never been an emotional heroine in any way, poor Constance, but she raised herself slightly and grasped either arm of the big chair, while her breath came thick and fast, and the faintest stain of color crept over the whiteness of her cheek.

"Constance, you will be my wife—you will not send me from you again!"

She lifted her head—pride forgotten, the wrong he had done her forgiven, every barrier swept away by the weight of her exceeding love.

They stood heart to heart and soul to soul. And he took his answer from her lips.

THE END.

That Boa Again.

"Wal', I was just going to give my ten cents up to see the bearded woman. But they can't get ahead of this grasshopper, because here comes the bearded woman now."—*Judge.*

Imitation is the Strongest Evidence of Superior Merit in the Thing Imitated.

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Colonel Jaggers—Five hundred dollars, judge.

Judge Mosby—Great gosh! what would a man want with a mill with all that money?

About Husbands.

It is a fact dreadful to contemplate, but true, notwithstanding, that commonplace men make the best husbands. Your genius generally thinks too much of himself to think much of other people. Your beauty is invariably conceited; and persons who set themselves up for modern Solomons are too wise to be comfortable, as a matter of course. M. Mr. Profundity is never willing that woman should be the odd mixture of sense and nonsense, good and bad, ugly and pretty, that nature usually makes her. He either desires her to remain half up the kitchen chimney with his babe and his distaff, or to lecture on woman's rights—to be a sort of earthly houri, ready to be looked at when he is ready to look at her, and incapable of all useful exertion; or to stalk about in short skirts and cloth pantalets, with her hair cropped close in her neck, and an evident contempt for soap and water. Just as he has inevitably picked his father's watch to pieces for the purpose of making it over, in his childish days, does your genius strive to pick his wife to pieces for the same purpose, and with as signal failure.

But your plain nobody, who doesn't pretend to talent, takes woman as he finds her. He has never had any expectation of mating with an angel, and he is not disappointed by the earthiness of his fair one. Having made her Mrs. Smith, there she is. It never strikes him that she is not his affinity, or that there is an aching void in his heart that she cannot fill. If she fades a little as years go by, he takes it as a matter of course, and does not tuck her out of sight. She can pour his coffee at breakfast, crimping pins in her hair and a calico wrapper on, without disenchanting him. She is only "not fixed up." There may be Cleopatras in the world, but he has never fancied himself Antony; so "his little woman" is enough for him. Never having clambered upon the stilts of any "ism" whatever, he is not ashamed to descend and be comfortably kind and cozy. Never having believed himself a demigod to be humbly worshiped, he is thankful, in a manly, tender sort of way, for wifely trust and love and honor, and dares to show it. His wife may scorn her the critics applaud him, or hear of a public dinner being offered him, but she will not be left alone on the evening which he dilapidates himself magnificently before the public, nor see a lofty scorn upon his brow when she runs to meet him on his home-coming; and if any girl were to ask me candidly whether she should accept the hand of Leander Moonshine, who has written a tragedy in five acts, delivered a lecture on geology, is the author brilliant of all conversationalists, and is, oh! so beautiful that all the women adore him! or Tom Smith, who is a business down town, who never wrote anything but letters in his life—who, tackled on the subject of literature, declares that he has heard that Shakespeare wrote somewhere, and can say "turned up nose and freckles are his greatest beauties—I, not knowing the two men, for there are exceptions to every rule, should say: "Smith, by all means, if you desire to be happy."

The attention of our readers has perhaps never been called to the unique arrangements made by the Canadian Pacific Railway for passengers from the Eastern States to the Pacific Coast. A person can board one of the C. P. R.'s handsome tourist sleeping cars at Boston and travel right through to Seattle, W. T., without a single change of car, a distance of nearly 3,500 miles—longer by nearly a thousand miles than Liverpool to Quebec—yet the whole can be traversed inside of a week. Stop to consider for a moment what a tremendous distance this is, and it would seem well nigh impossible that such a journey could be possible in the same car one boarded at Boston and stepped from at Seattle. A person is almost tempted to undertake the trip if only to say he has taken the longest ride possible in a single car, let alone the magnificent scenery for which made world-famed among all who notes. It is only such a company as the Canadian Pacific Railway that would attempt such a stupendous undertaking, and it is only such a company that could bring the same to so successful an issue.

A Lapse of Memory.

Tom—She seemed infatuated with you and yet she refused you!

Dick—Yes.

Tom—I wonder if your declaration was ardent enough.

Dick—Well, I told her she was the only woman I had ever loved.

Tom—You forgot that you were a widower.

Dick—By Jove! that's a fact.

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"Indigenous Bitters" are the cheapest bitters which have ever been offered to the public, because instead of buying a preparation all ready put up one can buy the ingredients for making them at the market price. For instance, with a box of these bitters which cost 25c. you can make three or four bottles similar to those which sell for a dollar; therefore with the money which you would pay for one bottle you can make twelve or fifteen bottles.

An Honest Doubter

Evangelist—Are you a Christian?
Skeptic—No, I am an honest doubter.
Evangelist—What is it you don't believe?
Skeptic—I don't believe half the church members are sincere.

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T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Chased by an Engine.

I was riding on a night train of the Pennsylvania Central from New York to Washington on a mission as newspaper correspondent. We had passed Baltimore, and within an hour's time would be at our place of destination. The conductor had finished collecting the fares, and seeing a vacant seat by my side had dropped into it, as if for a little rest at the end of a tiresome day's work. He made an entry in his note-book, closed it, placed it in his breast-pocket, buttoned his coat, folded his arms, and then turned to me with a friendly remark, as if now he felt a liberty to lay aside all official dignity and be sociable. I was glad to while away the time as the train was rushing along in the darkness, which concealed all objects of interest without, and so I encouraged the conversation.

"You must have met with some interesting experiences, and perhaps with some great danger, in the course of your life," said I, the conductor's grizzly beard showing that he might have seen a long service.

"Well, perhaps the most exciting time in my experience was the night I was chased by an engine—a night which this one reminds me of," said he, looking out into the darkness.

"Chased by an engine!" said I, getting interested. "How did that happen?"

"Well," said the conductor, setting down in the cushion, and bracing his knees against the back of the seat in front, "many years ago I was running the night express on Long Island from Brooklyn to Greenport, a distance of ninety miles, the entire length of the road. The Long Island road was then a one-horse affair, having only a single track, with switches at the different stations to allow trains to meet and pass. On the evening to which I now refer I started from Brooklyn at ten o'clock with the old Constitution, long since broken up, but then the crack engine on the road, with a baggage or freight car and three passenger cars. The night was just as dark as a pocket, or, if anything, perhaps a little darker," he added, as if he had accurately tested the internal obscurity of that useful portion of the dress.

"It must have been very dark," said I.

"We were the only regular train upon the road that night, with the exception of the Greenport express to Brooklyn, which was to start at ten o'clock and meet us at Lakeland Station, in the middle of the island, switching off there to allow us to pass.

"Well, we were perhaps six or eight miles on our way when I stepped out on the back platform of the rear car to see if it was growing any lighter. We were then going over a part of the road which was as straight as an arrow for a distance of four or five miles. As I was looking back over this stretch I saw behind us, at the distance of three miles or so, what I knew was the head light of an engine, as it was too bright for anything else; for of course I did not suppose the government had been putting up any lighthouses along the road.

"Probably not," said I.

"You may be sure I was a little surprised," said the conductor, "for there wasn't an extra train once a week upon that road, and I knew that there was none going out from Brooklyn that night, anyhow. I waited for a few minutes, until I saw that it was really an engine coming. And, what was more, that it was gaining rapidly on us, although we were going at our usual rate of speed. When I was satisfied of this fact I hurried forward and said to the engineer, 'Jake, there is a train close behind us.'

"Jake dropped his oil-can and his lower jaw at about the same moment and looked to see whether I was crazy or joking.

"'Well, let the fireman attend to matters here and come back and see,' said I.

"We hurried to the rear, and in a moment Jake saw as well as myself that if there was any joke in the matter we were the victims of it one; and of rather a serious one, too, for the train in the rear had gained on us a full mile while I had been forward. The red lenses were pouring out of the smokestack as if from a blast furnace; the head-light threw a glare along the road, burnishing the iron rails to our very sight. Close as he was upon us, the engineer of the advancing train had not given the slightest signal to warn us of his approach and made no response to our repeated whistles of alarm. He was violating all railroad rules, and if he had determined to secretly run us down he would act just as he was then doing. Jake at first seemed to be struck dumb—not so much because he then thought of danger, but at the cool impudence of the engineer behind. He looked as if he would like to throttle him. His tongue after a while got in working order, and he broke out:

"'What does that crazy fool mean?'

"'The engineer must be either crazy or drunk,' said I. 'If he keeps on in that way ten minutes longer he will surely be into us!' and I signaled the fireman to put on more steam. 'What business the train has to night upon the road at all is what puzzles me.'

"'I wonder if it isn't an engine the old man is sending down to Jamaica to the shops for repairs?' said Jake. 'I saw the Ben Franklin standing on the side track with steam up just as we started. From the way she overhauled us there can't be much of a train behind her.'

"I did not know but that Jake might be right, for I had seen the Franklin standing by the depot when we left. That engine was just as fast as our own, and if it was without a train attached, as Jake supposed, might easily gain on us, as it seemed to be doing. 'At any rate we shall see when we pass Jamaica Station whether Jake's theory is correct,' I thought, and said so to him.

"By this time the fireman, acting as engineer, had given our engine all the steam she would take, and we were slashing along at a lively rate, I tell you. The good people along the road who were out of their beds must have thought that a railroad filibus was riding another race, according to the new style. I was angry enough to have sent a bullet at the crazy engineer following us, and I determined that my first business the next day should be to complain to the superintendent of his foolhardiness. I thought that possibly, being for the moment his own master, and no longer under the immediate orders of a conductor, he was indulging in a kind of railroad spree, and for a lark was driving us to the top of our speed, expecting to end the race and his day's work at the same time at Jamaica.

"Well, we tore through that sleeping village, without stopping for refreshments, I can assure you, and then Jake and I looked to see our comical friend in the rear pull up at the station and take lodging for the night. But we were mistaken in our guess. Not a whistle was given by our pursuer as a signal that he intended to stop; not a sign of slackening was shown; but, on the contrary, he was gaining upon us even when we were doing our very best. Sometimes a curve in the road would shut him for a moment from our view, but he would round it in an instant, and every new turn brought him more closely upon us.

"Jamaica had been left far behind, and we were out on the wide Hempstead plain. The old Constitution was on her mettle. Our train was actually swaying and rocking with speed like a yacht on the waves. The telegraph poles, upon which the light from our windows would glint in the dense darkness, were flying behind us at every second. The sound of our wheels as they struck the ends of the rails was a continuous hum. But, do the best that it might, our engine with its heavy train was no match for the light-weighted one behind that was gaining upon us, and was not the eighth of a mile off. The glare from its lantern shone brightly in our faces; I thought Jake's face looked a bit pale, and perhaps mine did too. Now that our pursuer did not halt at Jamaica, we were entirely off our reckoning, and we could make no guess as to the cause of our chase, nor when it would end. The prospect seemed that we might be driven to the end of the road, if we were not overtaken and smashed before it could be reached.

"'That's the Franklin, sure,' broke out Jake, once more. 'No other engine on the road could overhaul us as we are going now. What can that fool of a Simpson mean by driving her at such a rate? He must be drunk. If the boss don't break him to morrow, he won't get his deserts. He will be into us in two minutes.'

"'You are right,' said I. 'Go forward and see if you cannot get up a little more headway. Empty a few of those petroleum cans on the wood, and pitch in and see what can be done.'

"While Jake was forward on his errand I thought over our situation. Here I was with a hundred or two passengers under my care, all ignorant of the danger which I knew they were in. If we should be overtaken, and crushed in the rear, the disaster would be a serious one, and would probably cause the death or injury at least of some of the passengers. If we were not smashed in this way, there was another and perhaps a greater danger before us. The train of which I have spoken, which left Greenport when we left Brooklyn, was on its way to meet us on the same track. It should have switched off at Lakeland in the middle of the island, and allow us to pass, an hour after we started, or at eleven o'clock. It was now half-past ten, and we were close to Lakeland already, and would pass there long before the arrival of the Greenport train, which ordinarily got there first. The result would be that we should meet that train beyond Lakeland without warning of our approach, and a collision in front as well as the rear would be the consequence.

"We reached and flew through the Lakeland depot nearly half an hour ahead of time. Of course, the Greenport train was not there yet, but was coming down the road. Our speed was now a little ahead of any ever before made upon the Long Island road. The telegraph poles fairly danced behind us, and the bushes on either side of the track seemed a continuous wall of fire, as they were lighted up by the flame which was pouring out of our smokestack. But dangerous as it was for us to keep on, it was just as dangerous to slacken speed, and so on we went."

The conductor rolled his quid from one cheek to the other, raised the window by his side and expectorated into the outer darkness, and became silent for several moments, as if burdened by the recollection of his former perils. After waiting a reasonable length of time for him to resume his story, I said, "When the collision occurred, was it with the train in front or in the rear, or with both?"

"Oh, the collision!" said the conductor. "Well, now you come to the ridiculous part of the story. The collision did not take place at all," he said in an apologetic tone, as if there ought to have been a serious accident after so much preparation. "While I was standing on the platform thinking whether I had better warn the passengers to hold themselves ready for a shock, Jake came from forward dragging after him two large petroleum cans, each of which would hold a quarter of a barrel of oil.

"'Now, then,' said Jake to me, 'if you will oil one side of the track I will try the other.'

"I saw at once what his plan was. We each brought the mouth of an oil-can as near to the polished surface of the rail as possible, and commenced pouring on it the kerosene. In less than a minute a half mile of the iron rails on both sides was nicely oiled and slippery."

"You have raised my expectations of a catastrophe so high that you have been obliged to grease the track so as to let them down again easily," said I, for I felt a little nettled at the unexpected turn the story had taken, and was inclined to believe that the conductor was drawing largely upon his imagination for the facts.

"Why, don't you know that an engine can no more make headway on a greased track than a tom cat can climb a steep roof covered with ice?" said the conductor, with a pitying glance at one so profoundly ignorant of railroad matters as myself. "I slapped Jake on the back, and said, 'Old fellow, your cuteness has brought us all out of the scrape.'

"In a few seconds the lantern of the train behind us was getting dim in the distance. We slacked forward. The red lenses—that's what the matter was with Simpson,' as Jake said. There stood the old Ben Franklin puffing and snorting and pawing like a mad bull, the driving wheels whirling and sizzling on the greased track like all possessed, but not gaining an inch. We sanded the track, and by seven minutes the old machine, Jack was the first aboard, spoiling for a good chance at the engineer, Simpson. But no sign of an engineer, fireman, or any other living being was to be found. The engine had only a tender attached, and although there was still a full head of steam on, the fires were getting low. We made short work in pushing back to Lakeland. We reached the station, and got fairly upon the switch when the Greenport train, which we should meet here, came in, and were waiting as if nothing had happened, and as if we had not been fifteen miles out on the road to meet it a few minutes before.

"The telegraph operator at Lakeland handed me a despatch which read as follows:

"'To Conductor C.—The Ben Franklin has broken loose, and is coming up the road. Turn switch at Lakeland, and run her off the track.

"'BARTOX, Supt.

"'Brooklyn, 10.5 p.m.'

"You see, we did not have much time for turning switches at Lakeland," he continued, "so we did still better, and saved the old Ben Franklin was not responsible after all—from a smash-up."

Wonderful Progress.

"How is your daughter doing with the piano, Silas?"

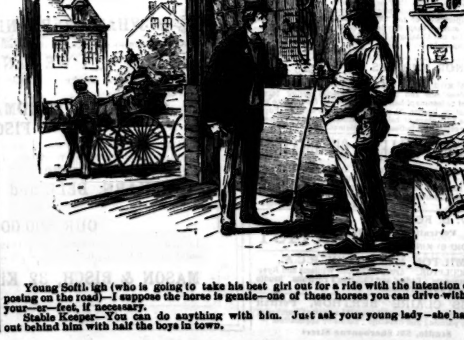
"Fust-rate. She kin play with both hands now. Says she'll be able to play with her ear inside of six months."

His Idea.

"And who is that?" asked Aunt Clara, pointing to the picture of a chubby child in skirts.

"That," said Robby, who has been wearing rompers for some time, "is me when I was a girl."

Unpleasant Proof.



Young Softleigh (who is going to take his best girl out for a ride with the intention of proposing on the way): I suppose the horse is gentle—one of these horses you can drive with—if—you—see—feet, if necessary.

Stable Keeper—You can do anything with him. Just ask your young lady—she has been out behind him with half the boys in town.

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

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Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

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Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 23, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

A Lively Corpse.

There is no telling when a party is absolutely dead in this country. A few years ago it was implicitly believed by some people that the Democracy was dead. Just now the same prediction is being made in regard to the Republican party.

Whenever we read in a Republican paper that the Democracy is dead, or *vice versa*, we are very much reminded of that yarn about Shuckers. A man named William D. Shuckers died in Washington. It seems that there was another man in the city bearing precisely the same name, and when the death was announced a good many of his friends thought he was dead, and they resolved to go to the funeral. On the day of the funeral the living Shuckers also thought he would go, partly for the purpose of ascertaining how it felt to participate in the obsequies of a man named Wm. D. Shuckers. He took up a position in the vestibule, and as the mourners were about to come out, a friend of his, named Jones, saw him. The first impulse of Jones was to rush through the kitchen and climb suddenly over the back fence; but he controlled himself, and after poking Shuckers in the ribs with his umbrella to determine positively that he was not a ghost, Jones remarked:

"Why, Shuckers, what on earth are you doing here? Why ain't you in your coffin?"

"Coffin!" exclaimed Shuckers, "what do you mean? What do I want with a coffin?"

"Mr. Shuckers you know you are dead. Why, they got up all this gorgeous funeral for you, all these carriages and pall-bearers and things, and the clergyman's just been paying you splendid compliments that any dead man might be proud of."

"But I tell you I'm not dead. I'm as much alive as you are."

"There is no use of arguing the point, Shuckers; the occasion is too solemn for controversy. But if you have any consideration for the feelings of your bereaved family who are weeping like mad upstairs, and for the undertaker who is waiting inside there with the screw-driver, you will go and get into your coffin and behave. It's indecent to carry on so at your own funeral."

"Jones, my boy," said Shuckers, "you have mistaken."

"No, I'm not mistaken. You're dead, technically dead, anyhow. It has been announced in all the papers, your relations have gone into mourning, the Board of Trade has passed resolutions of regret, the sepulchre has been dug, up there in the cemetery, and the undertaker has gone to considerable expense to inter you comfortably. Now, go and lie down, won't you?"

"Hang the undertaker," said Shuckers. "No, I'll not lie down. I'll see you in Kansas first."

"Now, see here, Shuckers, I came here to attend your funeral, and I'm not going to be baffled by any unseemly conduct on the part of the corpse. Oh, you needn't look mad at me! —either you get back into that coffin so's the lid can be screwed on and the procession can move off, or I'll put you in there by force. If inanimate remains like you can go scooting 'round in this incendiary manner, we'll soon have the cemeteries unloading and the unnumbered dead crowding out and wanting to vote."

Then Jones called the undertaker, who knocked Shuckers down with a cane and held him until he explained, and until the scared undertaker recovered his equanimity which left him at the bare suggestion that the corpse was loose. Then the funeral moved on to the cemetery and Jones went home, while Shuckers proceeded to an alderman's office to swear out a warrant against the undertaker for assault and battery. He intends to change his name to Duykinck.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Clever Rogue.

There once lived in the City of Mexico a Frenchman known as Otavito (little Octave), whose rogueries kept the town in a ferment. At one time he claimed to have discovered a specific for the rejuvenescence of women, and, by means of sensational advertising, he succeeded in gathering a clientele of forty or fifty ancient dames, who were assembled, on a certain day, in a long *sala*, tricked out with astrological symbols, crucibles, alembics, and all the paraphernalia of charlatanry. The conjurer presented himself before the ladies, and addressed them in flamboyant language, ending as follows: "And now, senoras of my soul, it is needful that the mystic ceremonies before us be opened by the oldest one among you." Then, addressing her whose appearance seemed to indicate priority, he asked her age.

"Thirty-seven years, senor," simpered the beldame, who was, at least, in the seventh decade.

"And you, senora?"

"Thirty-six."

And so on, until he had got them down to a declared age of twenty years, with a maximum of thirty seven.

"Well, ladies all, you perceive that, without further proceedings, the miracle is accomplished," said Otavito; "for the least gallant of men could not call her aught but young whose years are but thirty-seven—and you see for yourselves that is the age of the oldest among you!"

Dangerous.

Foreman O'Donovan—Will yez moind, Muldoon, wh'in yez carry th' powdher not t' git yure nose near th' bag!

Tourist Tricks.

Every time Miss Amanda, whose understanding is somewhat large, stops at a hotel, she cleans her own shoes and sets outside the door a small pair, which she carries with her expressly for that purpose.

Before Taking. After Taking.

Believed in Women's Rights.

Congressman Kem, says the New York *World*, had an amusing adventure recently in a Madison street car. The car was full, and at a certain corner a woman got in who, owing to the amplitude of her proportions, had some difficulty in crowding through the door. She finally stationed herself right in front of the Nebraska congressman. He got up.

"Sit down," said the woman impressively; "sit right down. Don't trouble yourself, I beg of you. I can just as well stand myself. I——"

"But," expostulated the Hon. Kem; "but, madam——"

She broke in upon him. "I insist upon your sitting down," she exclaimed hoarsely. "I have seen too much of this thing of women driving men out of their seats. I don't believe in it. If you——"

Mr. Kem had become desperate. The conductor was nowhere in sight.

"Madam," he cried, "for God's sake will you get out of the way! I didn't offer you my seat. We have just passed my corner, and I want to get out." Then the woman sat down.

So They Did.

"These firemen seem to be a frivolous set," said Mrs. Yorick, reading the paper.

"What do they do, my dear?" asked her husband.

"Well, it says here that after they had the fire under control they played on the ruins all night. I would have thought, as grown-up men, they'd better have gone home and gone to bed."

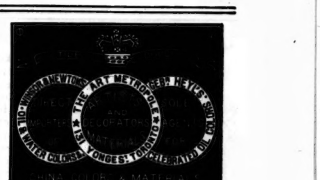
An Alternative.

Levi, jr.—Fadder, de shentlemans vat puys te diamond engagement ring yesterday comes py te store to day ant pawns it.

Levi, sr.—How me he look?

Levi, jr.—All proke up.

Levi, sr.—Vell you nefer learn to take interest in te business? Vy didn't you try to sell te shentlemans a pistol?



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Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

BUT FOR RHEUMATISM USE ST. JACOBS OIL.

CONQUERS PAIN. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

Music.

RICH as the next few weeks will be in musical events, the present one has been beautifully restful in its barrenness of incident, if we except the concert of the Toronto Vocal Society, which took place on Thursday night, too late for notice in this issue. Such restful weeks are a boon to jaded workers towards the close of the season, when concerts are more frequently a tribulation than an enjoyment. When mind and ear has had a rest the resumption of musical entertainments becomes a pleasure. Next week brings us Miss Hillary's Choral Club, and St. Mary Magdalen's Nightingale's concerts on Tuesday, with the great Edward Lloyd and his excellent supporting company on Thursday. The following week will serve up the Haslam Vocal Society's concert on Tuesday, May 10. At this concert the lady who now enjoys the distinction of being the greatest contralto in the world will sing. Mme. Sofia Scalchi has been able to measure her popularity with Adelina Patti, and in simultaneous appearances with the great *diva* has not come off second best. The other attraction, the Schmidt-Herbert string quartette, will, judging from the press notices I have seen, be found a worthy feature in a good concert. The society itself must not be forgotten, as it has a rich and varied selection of part songs to present to the public.

•

Quite lately Mrs. L. B. Prior gave a very successful concert at the Methodist church on Cowan avenue, at which the excellences of her pupils were shown and received hearty appreciation from the large audience present.

•

Mr. Douglas Bird, who has been very successful as a tenor during his short stay in Toronto, has made a handsome engagement at Plymouth church in Chicago, in whose quartette he will soon be a leading attraction.

•

I am glad to hear that Mr. Thomas Baugh will return to Toronto and resume his old position of leader of Heintzman's Band. He is a good musician and an excellent fellow, and will make his presence felt.

•

Church's Au-o-Voce School for the cure of stammering has been a successful institution and has met with so much appreciation since its foundation that larger quarters have been found necessary. It is now situated at No. 2 Wilton avenue.

•

The Philharmonic Society's concerts on May 17 and 18 will be signalized by the engagement of a number of our local talent. A tenor will be engaged for the leading work, probably from New York, while the other solo work will be done by our own people. Callirhoe, on the 17th, will bring forward Miss Minnie Gaylord and Miss Bessie Bonsall, while the Redemption will present a formidable array, the names being, Mrs. G. A. Cox, Mrs. T. Parker, Miss Ella Paterson, Miss Mortimer, Miss Flint, Mrs. Petley, Mr. George Taylor, Mr. R. Shaw, Mr. Fred Warrington, and Mr. E. W. Schuch. Both of these works are of great beauty and special pains are being taken by Mr. Torrington to bring his chorus and orchestra up to a state of excellence commensurate with the importance of his subjects.

METRONOME.

The Sullivan-Mitchell Fight.

We fully expect (writes Eugene Field in the Chicago *News*) to have the opportunity of laying before our readers some time next September an accurate report of the meeting between John L. Sullivan and Charlie Mitchell, beginning in this wise:

When the bell tapped, both men scored evenly and got away, Mitchell scoring a distinct lead from the start, which he steadily increased.

Second Round.—Mitchell continues in good form. At the end of his seventh mile, he threw off his shoes, and after that he traveled some what lighter and freer. Sullivan appeared to be losing wind, but his friends think he may overtake his competitor in the woods near the Alabama line along toward morning.

Third Round.—Sullivan has just made a tremendous spurt of six miles. Mitchell is out of sight, and pools sell five to one in his favor.

Fourth Round.—Mitchell has just stubbed his toe on the projecting root of a cypress. First blood for Mitchell.

Fifth Round.—Slavin and Ryan, who have been acting as Mitchell's seconds, fall off their bicycles near the end of the seventy-third mile, completely exhausted. Mitchell, apparently as fresh as when he started, is still forging ahead. Sullivan is said to be laid up at a farm house near Bayou Catouche, under the care of a chiropodist.

Later.—The race has been awarded to Mitchell, who is still running. Sullivan is severely punished about the feet, and may lose several toes, etc.

And the Wind Blew.

"The prairies of the west are great places for wind," the other day remarked Charley Seaton, of the Northern Pacific, to a Missourian reporter.

"I used to have a station out in Nebraska, right on the open prairie, and the way the wind blew was a caution. But it was a lucky wind for me. At a station about thirteen miles west my girl lived, and as I had no Sunday trains or business of any kind, I would go up there and stay over Sunday.

"But a livery horse from Saturday night to Monday morning cost me too much money, so I rigged up a sail on an old tie-car. All I had to do on Saturday night was to hoist my sail, push the tie-car on the main track, and in less than an hour I was at my journey's end. For more than a year I went to see my girl every Saturday night by means of that sail car. Pretty sleek, wasn't it?"

"Yes, pretty sleek. But do you mean to say that the wind blew the same direction every Saturday night during all that time?"

"Of course I don't!"

"Well, how did you manage on those nights when it blew in the other direction?"

"Easy enough. I had another girl at a station fifteen miles east."

Was Columbus a Pirate?

The Sunday school idea of Christopher Columbus has recently suffered considerable mutilation. The fact that we are soon to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America has naturally set the historians fresh upon the trail of the great discoverer. New sources of historical information have been found in the archives of Europe, and instead of being a saintly individual who proceeded to discover this country on the most approved Sunday school literature plan, Columbus was as wild a blade as ever sa'led the seas over. In the first place, it is very doubtful whether Columbus was his real name.

In the next, it has been shown conclusively that he was a pirate, and that he belonged to one of the most merciless bands that ever sa'led a ship. Later on in life Columbus was shipwrecked on the shores of Spain and he was induced by circumstances to give up his piratical profession and murr. It is freely charged that in the new world he plundered the Indians in order to satisfy the rapacity of his patrons in Spain, and he also became a slave trader. In short, Columbus was the product of his time, and not much better or worse than the rest of his contemporaries.

The attempt of one of his critics, Mr. Justin Winsor, to make him out a mean-spirited creature, however, falls entirely to the ground. The man who conceived the bold project of sailing round the world of waters, penetrating that mysterious and illimitable ocean, and continuing until he came to India on the other side, was no coward. It was the most adventurous conception that has in all the centuries dawned upon the mind of man, and it will forever vindicate Columbus from the charge of a craven spirit. No matter how many dark crimes he was engaged in in that dark age, no matter how many Indians he sold into captivity, that splendid dream of adventure, which resulted in the discovery of America, will always entitle him to be ranked among the world's greatest men.

•

Her Method.

First Boy—I's lost my gran'mother since I seen yer las', Jim!

Second Boy (the prize scholar of the Band of Hope)—Well, don't worry; she is waiting at the door of Heaven for you!

First Boy—If she's waitin' for me it isn't at the door she'll be, but behind it with a stick. She always did here!

Presence of Mind.

Jakey—Fadder, a shentlemans haf fallen troo de coal hole!

Isaac—Clap te cover ofer him kervick, mein sohn, vile I runs for a policemans. Ve must arrest him for tryin' to steal te coal or he'll sue us for tamages!

As She Is Spoken.

"Give me a plate of hot beans," said the man at the lunch counter.

"Pork with it?" asked the waiter.

"Yes."

Then he turned to the hole in the wall and sang out:

"Boston and Chicago limited," and beans with pork for one came back.

Armorial.

His Lordship—So she says I am a wizened up little apology for a man.

She—Yes, but I have accepted the apology.

Power of the Press.

Miss Fussanfeather—Mr. Bacon asked me if I loved him, last night.

Mrs. Fussanfeather—Indeed! And what did you say!

Miss Fussanfeather—I refused to tell him at first; but he finally succeeded in squeezing it out of me.

Equal to the Occasion.

At an examination of students one young gentleman being asked to describe Henry VIII. replied: "He was a professional widower."

The Secret of Popularity.

A New York man who was a candidate for a certain political office, was badly beaten at the polls by one whom we will designate as Brown. The next day the defeated candidate strolled into a saloon where he owed a considerable bill, and with an air of deep dejection, called for a toddy. After drinking it, he remarked to the bar-keeper:

"Don't you feel sorry that I was defeated yesterday."

"Not a blamed bit," replied the vivacious saloon-keeper.

"But don't you see, if I had been elected I could have paid my bill, but now you will have to wait on me a spell."

"Yes, that's all right enough," said the saloon-keeper; "but if you had been elected, Brown, who ran against you, would have been defeated, and Brown owes me twice as big a bill as yours."

"Great heavens! can this be true! Alas, too late I have discovered the secret of Brown's popularity! He probably owes all the saloons and everybody in town, and they are all anxious to get their pay. Give me another toddy. I'll try and make up for lost time, and when the next election comes off, I'll be neck and neck with him, if not a little ahead."

A Mendacious Spirit.

The other night a reckless Denver sceptic attended a spiritualist materialist meeting, and in the course of the evening, assuming to be of the faithful, he sought an interview with his father. The medium being willing, the father appeared. This conversation followed:

"How are you, father? Are you happy in the spirit world?"

"Yes, my son, very happy."

"And how is my poor, dead sister, Jane?"

"She, too, is contented and happy."

"And is poor brother Jim happy too?"

"Yes, my boy; he enjoys the spirit world."

There was a moment's silence, when the sceptic broke out with:

"What makes you lie so, father? I never had a sister Jane nor a brother Jim. As a truthful spirit you're not in it."

This broke up the meeting.

An Ignorant Woman.

Aunt Furby Low (reading)—Here's where two men went down in one of the city sewers and were killed by sewer gas. What did they want gas in a sewer for, I wonder!

Uncle Si Low (in deep disgust)—To see by, of course. Do you think sewers have winders in them!

In no Danger.

Pretty girl (angrily)—Why did you start the car the instant I stepped on the platform? I came near falling.

Street-car conductor (admiringly)—You were in no danger. I had my arms all ready to catch you.

A Necessity Now.

Mrs. Gazzam—George, you really must get me a piano.

Gazzam—Nonsense, Nell! You don't know one note from another.

Mrs. Gazzam—That's true, but I must have a piano because papa has given me a piano-lamp for a birthday gift.

Denman Thompson, Adieu!

Primus—What is the name of the play that Jobson has written for the Kendals?

Secundus—Domestic Bliss. It'll be a wonderful success.

Primus—What's its purport?

Secundus—It's an exact reproduction of the Home Life of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

Worse and Worse.

Careful mother—Hark! Heh! If a young man wants to talk to my daughter he can just talk out loud. I hear whispering in the parlor.

Small boy—They isn't whisperin', mamma. They is only kissin'.

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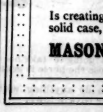

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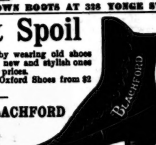

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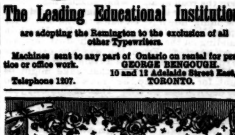

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Spragge. Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Yarker, Misses Boulton, Beardmore, Todd, Hodgins, Hugel, Benson, Yarker and Small, Professor Hutton, Messrs. A. Cassels, E. Jones, Shanley, Hodgins and Yarker.

•

The new St. George's Society hall on Elm street will see a pretty sight when the Old English Fair which is on the *tapis* comes to completion. The ladies who have undertaken the management of the affair are: President, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason; vice-presidents, Mrs. P. H. Drayton, Mrs. S. G. Wood, Mrs. W. R. Wellington; treasurer, Mrs. Barlow Cumberland: secretaries, Miss Amy Mason and Miss Kate Symons; committee, Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. F. Osler and Mrs. G. T. Denison. The Fair will be a reproduction of the old-time booths and stalls, and various unique amusements will be provided. The new building is commodious and convenient and the present entertainment is given by the ladies for the purpose of raising funds to furnish the hall.

•

Mrs. W. Ammond and Mrs. G. R. Kingsmill, who have been spending the Easter holidays with Mrs. Bouchette Anderson of 5 Russell street, have returned to Ottawa.

•

Miss Maclean of Meaford is visiting Mrs. Bouchette Anderson of 5 Russell street.

•

Mr. Geo. H. Cooke, jr., M.D., of Chesley, was in the city for a few days this week.

•

Mrs. Alexander Davidson gave a delightful At Home last Wednesday, from four to seven o'clock. Crowds of fashionables filled her handsome parlors, among whom I noticed: Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Cockshutt, Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Mrs. Allan Creelman, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Leonard Leigh, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. James George, Mrs. Lamport, Mrs. Stevenson, and the Misses Herbert Mason, Gooderham, Jennings, Proudfoot, Brodie, Aikins, Lamport, Cooke, Skae, etc.

•

Mrs. T. McIlroy of Bloor street east gave on Friday afternoon, April 22, a most enjoyable birthday party to her little daughter Gertrude. There were about fifty children present. Among the many bright faces were noticed: Miss Florry and Master Sherward Crawford, the Misses and Master Ford, Miss Gertie and Masters Foy, Miss Emily and Master Louis Miller, Master Featherston Aylesworth and Masters Law.

•

Rev. G. Macbeth Milligan leaves to-day for Kingston to preach the graduating sermon to Queen's college students. He will be the guest of Mr. John Carruthers.

•

The Ladies' Choral Club will give one of their charming concerts next Tuesday evening at Association Hall. Mrs. Dreschler-Adamson is solo *violiniste*. The net proceeds of this *soiree musicale* go to the Nursing at Home Mission.

•

Mrs. McAndrews gave a lovely tea last Monday which was very largely attended. The popular hostess wore an elegant gown of crushed strawberry and cream brocaded silk. Among those present I noticed: Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Armour, the Misses Seymour, Miss Skey, Mrs. Lardy Armstrong, the Misses Pope, Mrs. Columbus Green, the Misses Arthurs, Mrs. Jack Hay, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. Cecil Lee, Miss Lee, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Sam Macdonell.

•

Mrs. McWilliams gave a charming tea on Thursday of last week. She was assisted by the Misses Macdonald of the west end. Among her guests I noticed: Miss Frances Smith, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Miss Mary Robinson, Mrs. Angus Macdonell, Mrs. McAndrews, Mrs. John K. Davidson, Mr. Sam Macdonell, Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge.

•

Mr. W. R. Meredith will take a summer tour through Europe this year.

•

Mr. G. W. Badgerow is at Sioux City.

•

Prof. Goldwin Smith has returned to The Grange after spending some months in Washington and other American cities.

•

Mr. C. R. Parish, book publisher, has returned to Toronto after a five-years' residence in Philadelphia, and will locate here permanently.

•

A pretty wedding took place this week at the residence of Dr. Black, uncle of the bride, when Miss B. Gordon, daughter of the late Adam Gordon, M. P., was married to Mr. T. M. Higgins, barrister. Dr. Kellogg performed the ceremony. The bride looked lovely in ivory white silk, veiled with *crepe chiffon*. Only the immediate friends of the parties were present. After the ceremony the wedding *dejeuner* was served. I particularly admired the table decorations of shamrocks and Scotch heather.

I clip the following pretty notice from the Leipsig *News* of last month, knowing that the subject of it is both well known and popular in Toronto: "A talented pianist, Mr. H. Field of Toronto, Canada, a pupil of Mr. Martin Krause, completed the programme with excellent pianoforte playing; the pieces chosen were: Barcarole (F sharp major) and Ballade (No. 2, C minor), Liszt, truly choice compositions, the rendering of which exact the finest understanding and great technique from their executionist besides a perfect mastership over every ornamental detail, but they were hardly suited for the comprehension and enjoyment other than the professional (trained) musician. The young pianist showed himself in every respect equal to the great task he had set himself; even the most delicate ornaments of a Liszt received at his hands a rendering beyond all criticism. And when we say that, in spite of the pianist's choice of pieces, the applause was most enthusiastic, nor ceased until Mr. Field at last responded with an encore piece, we think we need say no more in his praise."

•

A wedding which is looked for in the near future is that of Miss Edith Maule and Mr. Holcroft. I am told a pretty residence in preparation on Tranby avenue is to be presided over by this charming lady.

•

A Lenten feature of the past season has been the Minuet Club, formed of some of our most graceful and gallant society folks. Some of the members are: The Misses Lee, Miss Lash, Miss Horetsky, the Misses Fraser, Miss Dick, Miss Newbigging, Miss Cannill, Mr. Hulme, Mr. Wallbridge, Dr. Lehmann, Dr. Spilsbury, Messrs. Ashworth, Capt. McLean, Mr. McKay and Mr. Ritchie.

•

The engagement of Miss Mason and Mr. Brough has been announced.

•

On dit that Mr. Charles Ross has met his fate at the fair hands of a Hamilton belle.

•

A pretty wedding took place last Monday at 50 Wellington place, the residence of Mrs. Hiland, when Mr. Frank Irwin of Cobourg and Miss Helen Saugney were married. Rev. Father Rooney officiated. The bride wore a fawn travelling costume. Miss Marguerite Melady and Mr. Sydney Fuller of Cobourg were bridesmaid and best man. A large number of guests were present.

•

Miss Attalie Claire, who has made such a phenomenal success this season in the Lillian Russell opera company, is making a short stay in Toronto since she sang on Thursday evening at the Vocal Society. Metronome would not like me to say anything about her voice, but I had the pleasure of a chat with her on Thursday and found her most charming. The mischievous and unscrupulous reporters "over there" have detailed her most private concerns in a way which would annoy a saint, and which has no doubt been a bitter drop in her brimming cup of success, but she is bright and bonnie, and young, and full of hopeful plans, and her pretty face was alight with animation as she talked of the future. We turned over the diamond star, and the turquoise rings, three noble stones surrounded by diamonds, *a la marquise*, and the sapphires, deeply, darkly, beautifully blue and the "*page d'amour*" of her proud young *fiance* and the bandeau of diamonds in platinum, with his name woven in sparkling brilliants, and all and sundry the pretty things beside—such a lot of them, worth a small fortune. Attalie Claire ought to be a good child, for she has most of fortune's gifts in her lap just now, a gallant lover, a good father, a sweet, loving mother, fame, youth and talents, hosts of friends and admirers who are proud of this talented Canadian artiste.

Edward Lloyd Concert.

A great treat is in store for our musical readers in the above concert at the Pavilion, Thursday, May 5. Edward Lloyd is England's greatest tenor, singing the principal solo parts at all the late festivals at the Royal Albert Hall, Crystal Palace, etc. At the concert here Mr. Lloyd is supported by a brilliant galaxy of artists, and the Pavilion will undoubtedly be crowded to the doors. In New York last week his reception and success was wonderful. The New York press state that his voice is of rare beauty and loveliness combined with great power; that his style is faultless and his performances are above and beyond criticism.

The plan of the hall is now open to the public at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' music and piano warerooms.

Out of Town.

SEAFORTH.

Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Wilson entertained a large number of young people Wednesday evening, April 20, at their residence, Ingleside. The hostess was magnificently attired in cream satin with pearls. Among those present were noticed: The Misses Scott of Mount Forest, Miss Belle McNab, the Misses Davidson, Mrs. Killer, Mr. Alex and the Misses Broadfoot, Mr. Will and Miss McLean, Miss Tufford, Miss Jessie Thomson, Miss Downey, Mr. James and the Misses Killoran, Miss Ella Dickson of Goderich, the Misses Watson, Miss Ida Dixon, Miss MacAdam of Sarnia, Miss Watson of Toronto, Miss Campbell, Dr. C. and Miss McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Nell, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wilson, Mr. Geo. and Miss Bethune, Miss Caran of Jarvis, and Messrs. Chas. Broadfoot, Dr. Belden, F. W. Tweedie, Shaw, Hays, Harry Cresswell, Jock Greig, F. Awty, S. Hodge of Mitchell, Bert Ferguson of London, Jack Livingston, Will Prendergast, H. J. Crawford, John A. Wilson. The gowns were worthy of a more extended description than space permits. Miss Wilson wore a handsome costume of white silk; Miss Scott, pale blue silk with cream lace; Miss McNab, gray and red silk with roses; Miss Kate Broadfoot, white with gold trimming; Miss MacAdam, white with sable trimming; Miss Bell Watson, white china silk; Miss Tufford, fawn with roses; Miss Killoran, old gold silk. Supper was served during the evening in the dining-rooms, which were beautifully decorated. Dancing and other amusements were indulged in until a late hour, when all went home delighted with the very pleasant evening they had spent.

BRANTFORD.

The annual meeting of the Brantford Lawn Tennis Club was held on Thursday of last week at the residence of Mr. W. F. Cockshutt of Chatham street. The large and enthusiastic attendance gives promise of a successful season for the club. Mr. Cockshutt occupied the chair, and the following officers were elected: Honorary president, Mr. G. H. Wilkes; president, Mr. Jeffrey Hale; first vice-president, Mr. W. F. Cockshutt; second vice-president, Mr. E. L. Goold; executive committee, Mrs. T. H. Whitehead, Miss Helen Goold, Miss N. Compton, Mr. W. Hardy, Mr. G. H. Muirhead and Mr. Muir; secretary, Mr. C. M. Nelles; treasurer, Rev. A. W. Richardson. The afternoon teas which were so much appreciated last year are to be continued.

A very happy matrimonial event was celebrated Saturday afternoon of last week at three o'clock at Freeland Home, the charming residence of Mrs. (Dr.) Corson, when her daughter, Emma A., was married to Mr. Joe. Cant of the Bank of British North America. The bride wore a beautiful costume of white faille. Rev. A. E. Ross performed the ceremony. The young people were unassisted. The following guests were invited: Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Corson, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Corson of Toronto, Mr. C. R. Darling of Simcoe, Mr. and Mrs. Humbert of Niagara Falls, Mrs. E. M. Corson of New York, Mr. C. Peterson of Brandon, Dr. and Mrs. Second, Mr. and Mrs. Russ, Dr. and Mrs. Cochrane, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Mr. George Watt and Mr. Dixon of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. Crane of Paris, Rev. D. Hill of Montreal, Mr. A. Harris of London, and others. The groom's present to the bride was a handsome upright piano. The happy couple left on the 5.30 train for Virginia.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson gave a recital in Wickcliffe Hall on Thursday evening, April 21. Miss Johnson recited her own exquisite poetry. Her musical assistants were: Mrs. R. J. Smith, Brantford's leading soloist; Mr. Boyce, Mr. Jacques, Mr. Rush of Paris and Mr. Fairclough.

Miss Greer and Miss Nelles left for Buffalo on Saturday last.

The Misses Harris and Miss Foster are home from Moulton College, Toronto.

Miss E. M. Bunnel, B. A., spent her Easter vacation in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Morrison will leave for England next month.

Miss Frankie Phepps, B. A., is home from Ingersoll.

Mrs. Bailey of Stratford is the guest of Miss Hossie.

Miss Kathleen McTaggart spent Easter in Buffalo.

Miss Edith M. King is visiting friends in Simcoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cockshutt spent Easter in New York.

Miss Reba Hossie left for Stratford on Monday last. SAILOR.

PORT HOPE.

Dr. Corbett's handsome residence on John street was thronged with guests on Friday evening of last week. The occasion was an At Home given by Miss Corbett in honor of her guest, Miss Stanton. Among those present were: Miss Milligan, Miss Burnham, Miss Maud Burnham, Miss Smith, Miss Annie Robertson, Miss H. S. Paterson, Miss Helen Quay, Miss Farquharson, Miss Maclennan, Miss Mamie Furby, the Misses Lowden, Miss Monsell, Miss Fletcher, Miss Guernsey, Miss Kate Guernsey, Miss Robertson, Miss Spooner, Miss Ida Spooner and Mrs. Spooner, Mr. Little, Mr. Drope, Mr. E. J. Baird, Mr. Walter Ross, Mr. R. Smart, Mr. W. F. Trayes, Mr. A. B. Lefroy, Mr. Fred Fields, Mr. W. P. Kerr, Mr. Harvey Henwood, Mr. D. H. Chisholm, Mr. Stanley Paterson, Mr. W. H. Robertson and Mr. De Witt Quay. Miss Corbett was assisted in her duties as hostess by her sisters, Miss Josie and Miss Mabel, and the ceremonies under their management were most successfully and gracefully performed. Progressive euchre occupied the first part of the evening. Miss Guernsey and Mr. Fields proved to be the champions and carried off the prizes in triumph. A rich supper was served, after which the scene changed, and the magnificent parlors were transformed into a ballroom. Those present being young people who delighted in dancing, the floor was occupied for the remainder of the evening by a throng of dancers. The brilliant costumes of the ladies presented under the glare of the rose-tinted electric lights a scene of dazzling beauty. The amusements were continued until a late hour when the guests bade adieu to the hostess and her assistants and Miss Stanton.

One of the prettiest events of the season was a children's party given by Mrs. Robert Doyell for her little Daisy. The handsome drawing-rooms were beautifully decorated with plants from Mr. Deyell's conservatory, and the presence of so many prettily dressed children made the apartments look like a scene in Fairyland. Miss Daisy performed the duties of hostess in a winning manner, and the children present greatly enjoyed the amusements of the evening. FRANCES.

A Good Answer.

Passenger (on whom water is dripping through roof of horse-car during shower, angrily to conductor)—Say, is this always the case?

Conductor—No, sir; only when it rains.

A Failure.

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy.

"You must bring an excuse," said the teacher.

"Who from?"

"Your father."

"He ain't no good at making excuses; Ma catches him every time."

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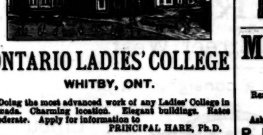

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A LIFE PICTURE

A young man desirous of a fine appearance seeks an interview with a tailor and is shown different pieces of cloth, one of which has attracted his fancy, and without any more choice tells him how he felt when wearing his last suit. There was an indescribable feeling of a want of comfort, so much so that no care was taken of the garments which soon had the appearance of old clothes, and in time made the wearer wish he had not patronized that particular merchant tailor nor listened to his words of praise of himself and disagreeable sayings of others in the same line of business. Now, my object is not to run any down and not blatantly speak words of praise, but at all times am willing to let work from my place of business speak for me. When months have passed you can see that the general appearance of the garments is good, thereby telling you the work is well done and has even yet that fine finished look which hard usage cannot destroy. I can assure you, and thousands whom we have made clothes for, will prove my sayings to be true, that you will be pleased to tell your friends of the comfort you have derived from the wearing of a suit made by us, and happiness in knowing you are so well clothed that you may repeat it any society. In connection with a perfect fit you can find a very choice selection of the finest goods that can be bought in the European markets at HENRY A. TAYLOR'S Fashionable Tailoring Establishment, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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Out of Town.

MARKDALE.

One of the successes of the season was the Leap Year party given by the young ladies of Markdale, in the Roller Rink, Tuesday evening, the 19th inst.

The gorgeous attire of the gentlemen was as follows: Mr. J. Sproule was dressed in a ravishing hair-cloth suit, upholstered shirt front and varnished pumps. His graceful movements on the floor would almost lead us to believe that he was on castors. Dr. Epp, a sparkling brunette, had the ladies swarming about him if he but deigned to smile upon them. He "cut quite a swell" in a slashed broadcloth, knife-plaited coat skirt, a neck bandage of cream satin and a bouquet of bleeding hearts in his button-hole. He wore a blistered shirt front.

W. Turner, a very pretty blonde, looked quite *au fait*, but the powder of his face was a little too evident. He seemed to have no end of honeyed words bottled up to be poured out at a moment's notice.

One of the most striking figures on the floor was G. Richards, who managed the square dances beautifully, seemed to hit the nail on the head every time. He seemed to have taken a contract to dance the whole programme.

W. J. Benson, a brilliant brunette, was quite captivating and seemed the center of attraction. He was dressed in plain black suit, tan kid gloves and a sugared smile.

W. Hazlett, whose vivacious manner attracted many admirers, was not left much with his chaperone, and we decided that he would need to have cast iron pumps to stand the "war."

W. L. McFarland looked elegant in imported costume, the latest novelty in tie and a smile which seemed to win patronage all evening.

I. B. Lucas, a *petite* blonde, was grace in every turn. He wore an empanelled shirt front, and looked sweetly pretty. In his case it was evident that a "plaintiff" voice and gracious manner proved strong solicitors for generous attentions.

G. Bowes, a fair *debutante*, remained much with his chaperone. His cosmetics were abundantly and effectively applied. He glided about the room as lightly as a cork on water.

R. Benson, a winsome blonde, looked very naive on the floor. He wore a wine-colored tie and a bouquet of tea roses.

Mr. Currie was not fated to be a wall-(flour) by any means. He danced the Rye beautifully. His whole costume was chic(k).

W. Dundas wore an inviting smile which seemed to say, "This way, ladies," and all who saw it could not pass him by.

J. Richards, whose golden locks rivaled all other brilliancy, completely turned the heads of the sturdy damsels. He did not dance much, but took stock in the others.

Mr. Cesar seized every opportunity to make himself agreeable. His ticket was full for every dance.

R. Mathews was the embodiment of style in leather bound broadcloth and strapped shoes decked with silver buckles.

G. Mathers had a very graceful carriage and charmed the ladies for he is somewhat of a "wag in" their company.

S. Hill, a tall and dignified blonde, although reserved in manner did not want for attentions. He wore a beautiful sash manufactured for the occasion.

Mr. Cook's dances went at first price. He wore a direct imported suit and the newest thing in collar.

Mr. Hall looked charming and retiring as he was led across the room on his partners arm.

R. Duglas was in great demand and many were bargaining for his dances.

The maidens were highly honored with the presence of J. Hunter and D. McKenzie of Durham, who seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly and received numerous attentions.

W. Douglas, a coquettish blonde, was constantly in demand. His oiled and perfumed hair was tastefully arranged.

Mr. Ingles always had an admiring circle about him. He managed his train beautifully.

The friends from Orangeville were as follows: Messrs. Brown, Donnor, Hill, Turnbull, Messer, Gillispie. This bevy of beauty formed a bright addition to the party. They received the lion's share of the ladies' attentions.

As to refreshments, they were all that could be desired.

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Its Whereabouts

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Births.

FRAZER-BRYCE—April 26, at 228 Jarvis street, the wife of J. Frazer Bryce—a son.
McLAUGHLIN—April 22, Mrs. J. McLaughlin—a daughter.
LENNARD—April 24, Mrs. F. E. Lennard—a daughter.
HUESTIS—April 14, Mrs. A. E. Huestis—a son (stillborn.)
DRAKE—April 22, Mrs. Ed. Drake—a daughter.
SYMONS—April 21, Mrs Alf. D. Symons—a daughter.
STRATHY—April 18, Mrs. J. A. L. Strathy—a son.
GREIG—April 21, Mrs. Wm Greig—a daughter.
MACDONELL—April 23, Mrs. J. A Macdonell—a daughter.
BENJAMIN—April 20, Mrs. Alfred Benjamin—a son
CAMERON—April 12, Mrs. A. M. K. Cameron—a daughter.
MASHINTER—April 14, Mrs. W. Mashinter—a daughter.

Marriages.

SCOTT—GUNDY—April 19, F. W. Scott to Patty Gundy.
PATTERSON—McINNES—April 19, G C Patterson, M.A. to Isabella Violet McInnes.
DUCKWORTH—BOOTH—April 20, Laurence Duckworth to Addie J. Booth.
GEORGE—LEE—April 20, William Kerr George to Rachel Helena Lee.
TEMPLE—SKAE—April 23, Edmond B. Temple to Jeannette Skae.
LENNOX—TUFFHILL—April 19, Charles W. F. Lennox to Katie Tuffhill.
ROGERS—HARTLEY—April 14, James A Rogers to Sarah Hartley.
CARR—SINCLAIR—April 20, Edwin Henry Carr to Gertrude Henriette Sinclair
FISHER—FOWLER—April 20, Edwin Bayard Fisher to Annie Pickard Fowler.
TURRELL—ROBERTSON—April 20, Edward Newton Tyrrell to Jessie Robertson.
BAIN—SIMMONS—April 21, James C. Bain to Ida Simmons.
TOTTEN—MANN—April, Harry Totten to Mabel S Mann.
COATE—STEELE—April 18, F. Stenning Coate to Blanche Steel.
INGALL—RAND—April 19, Elvie Ingall to Josephine Rand.
O'DOYLE—O'DONNEL—April 23, Austin O'Doyle to Kate O'Donnel.
CAMPBELL—HAZARD—April 20, J. Lorn Campbell to Louise Hazard.
BAIN—SWEET—April 6, W. G. Bain to Edith Violet Sweet.
DeHART—TRULL—April 21, Edwin DeHart to Lydia Trull.
ROBERTSON—SMILLIE—April 21, Thomas Robertson to Lizzie Smillie.
SMITH—CLARKE—April 20, Clarence Edwin Smith to Marguerite Maude Clarke.

Deaths.

BROWN—April 16, Andrew Brown.
CRUMP—April 24, Selah H. Crump, aged 73.
GILBERT—April 23, Thomas Gilbert.
LUCAS—April 22 Ernest and Alfred Lucas, aged 6 and 11.
PRITTIE—April 23, Percy Pritie, aged 12
LUMLEY—April 24, Sarah Lumley, aged 77.
MILNER—April 21, Alexander H. Milner.
DeBARTOLME—April 24, Frederick F. DeBartolome.
AUSTIN—April 24, Samuel T. Austin, aged 40.
CAMPBELL—April 25, Donald Campbell, aged 86.
EAKINS—April 25, Agnes F. Eakins.
SPENCE—April 26, Elizabeth Spence, aged 57.
McNAUGHTON—April 24 Andrew McNaughton, aged 75
THOMSON—April 19, Archibald S. Thomson, aged 62
WESTMAN—April 25, Bertie Westman, aged 15.
WILLIAMSON—April 25, W. R. Williamson, aged 21.
SPROULE—April 24, John Sproule, aged 56
McENTEE—April 19, Eugene McEntee, aged 44
WATSON—April 22 Sarah Watson.
BROWN—April 20, Maude May Brown, aged 4 months.
CONNELL—April 20, Henrietta Connell, aged 62.
O'ROURKE—April 20, Thomas O'Rourke.

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